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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires de Constant, Premier Valet de Chambre de l'Empereur, sur la Vie Privée de Napoléon, &c.—*Memoirs of the Private Life of Napoleon, his Family, and Court.* By M. Constant, First Valet de Chambre to the Emperor. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Paris, 1830. Ladvocat. London, Dulau and Co.

WE have here the first two volumes of a series whose materials are sufficiently in detail to extend to any number that may suit its publisher. They contain a full and particular description of how the emperor ate, drank, washed, dressed, slept, waked, saluted his wife or let it alone, with a minuteness which a Frenchman only would have thought of giving. There is accordingly more of amusement than of information in these pages. M. Constant is not a man to see farther than was absolutely necessary—one who would take all for granted that did not concern his office; and who evidently considers his teaching Napoleon to shave himself, to have been one of the great events of the time. Reversing the line of the poet,

"What small effects from mighty causes spring!"

the principal personal consequence of Buonaparte's becoming emperor, is, that he is obliged to shave himself, for fear some secret enemy should take that opportunity of cutting his throat. The habits of Napoleon seem to have been different from what we should have expected of one brought up to all the hardships of a camp: Constant states, that he was always dressed from head to foot, like a child. We shall select a few anecdotes, such as seem to possess most novelty—an attraction of which there is much deficiency in these pages, all of whose contents might well have been compressed into a single volume.

The editor, Ladvocat, however, defends the publication of memoirs by a valet-de-chambre in the following most poetical manner. "The valet-de-chambre of a hero becomes, from his very station, a different thing to a valet-de-chambre. Amber is but a piece of coarse earth, and the stone of Bologna is but a fragment of rock; but the one breathes of the rose, and the other reflects the sun." So now for a little of the light and the essence whose influence is on M. Constant, who seems duly impregnated with the atmosphere of a court: witness the gallantry with which, when playing trictrac with the empress, he allowed her to beat him.

"If that was flattery, I must avow myself culpable; but I think I should have acted in the same manner towards another woman, whatever might have been her rank, had she been only half as charming as Madame Buonaparte."

Rival Powers.—"During our first journey into Italy, the first consul wished to hear Marchesi: after much solicitation, the singer came, but with all the importance of a man who considers his dignity injured. The simple costume of the consul, his slight figure, his thin face, and his unimposing distinction, were ill

calculated to make an impression on the theatrical hero; and on being asked to sing an air, he replied only by a bad pun, 'Signor General, if you want a fine air, you will have the very finest in the garden.' Dismissal and imprisonment were the consequences of this impertinence; but on Buonaparte's return after the battle of Marengo, thinking the unhappy singer's punishment had been more than sufficient for a poor joke, he sent for him, and again requested a song. Marchesi had found his voice, and he now sang equally graciously and delightfully: the first consul shook hands and complimented him (as our author expresses it) most affectionately. Peace was thus established between the two powers, and Marchesi henceforward only hymned the praises of the consul."

There are some interesting details on the marriage of Hortense. Constant denies strongly the idea of a connexion between her and the emperor; and we are the more inclined to believe his assertion, as we do really think even this crime would have appeared to him but the result of situation and royalty, and one that he seems much more likely to have palliated than denied. Those most concerned in the marriage were punished for their selfishness: General Duroc, her first attachment, by witnessing the after greatness to which his match with her would have led; and Josephine, in the unhappiness of her daughter, sufficiently exhibited the interested motives (the hope of conciliating Buonaparte's brothers, always inimical to her) which led her to promote the union.

Dialogue on the re-establishment of mass:—"While dressing the first consul, M. Joseph Buonaparte entered with Cambaceres. 'Well,' said the first consul to the latter, 'we are going to mass; what do they think of it in Paris?' 'Why many,' replied Cambaceres, 'intend going to the first representation, and, if the piece is not amusing, hissing it.' 'If any one takes it into their head to hiss, they will soon be shewn the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard.' 'But suppose the grenadiers should join the others in hissing?' 'I am not alarmed about that: my old moustaches will go here to Notre Dame, as in Cairo they did to the mosque; they will observe what I do; and seeing their general grave and attentive, they will be the same, and say to themselves, It is the watchword!' 'I am afraid,' said Joseph Buonaparte, 'that the general officers will not be so accommodating: I have just left Augereau, who breathes only fire and fury against what he terms your espouchnades. He and several others will not be so easy to bring within the pale of our holy mother-church.'

"Bah! Augereau is just a bawler, who makes a racket; and if he has any little imbecile cousin, he will put him to school, that I may make a chaplain of him. Apropos,' continued the first consul, addressing Cambaceres, 'when will your brother go and take possession of his see at Rouen? Do you know he has the best archbishopric in France? he will be cardinal in a year; it is a settled affair.' The second consul bowed—what else could he do? Certainly

Buonaparte was very accurate in his moral calculations.

"Whenever there was a distribution of arms given as honours, there was a dinner at the Tuilleries, to which all, let their rank be what it would, who had a share in these distinctions, came; there were often two hundred Generals, colonels, common soldiers, sat together without distinction; and Buonaparte spared no pains to make his guests feel at ease; but the embarrassment of many was not to be surmounted: they would sit two feet away from the table, not venturing to touch napkin or bread, colouring up to the ears, and their necks stretched towards the general, as if to receive the word of command; and often did the servants remove plates which had not even been touched. This timidity did not, however, prevent their enthusiastically feeling the distinction. Nothing could be more popular than Buonaparte's manners. He drank with them, and made them repeat what gallant act had procured for them this mark of honour. On rising from table, he thus addressed them:—'My brave fellows, you must soon baptise me the new-born one,' (pointing to their sabres of honour). Heaven knows they did not spare themselves."

The strange difference between French and English manners was never more strongly marked than in the following scene. Who on this side the Channel would ever have thought of describing it?

"In that earlier period, when the first consul inhabited the palace of St. Cloud, he slept in the same bed as his wife; of late years, etiquette interposed, and a little chilled the conjugal tenderness; and at last the first consul slept in a room pretty far removed from that of Josephine. Between them was a long corridor, on each side of which slept the different ladies in waiting. When the first consul wished to pass the night with his wife, he undrest in his own room, which he left *en robe de chambre*; I walked before him with a flambeau. At the end of this corridor was a staircase of about sixteen steps, which led to the chamber of Madame Buonaparte. Great was her joy when she received a visit from her husband; all the house heard of it the next day. I still see her, saying to all who came near, rubbing her little hands together, 'I am up very late to-day; but you see Buonaparte passed the night with me.' And that day she was even more kind than usual; she rebuked nobody; every one obtained whatever they asked."

The confinement of Colonel Delille was very rigorous; he was not allowed to receive any written communication. "The rigour of these orders was, however, softened by his son, about four or five years of age: his father obtained permission to embrace him, and was conducted to him by a turnkey. The poor little thing acted his part like a finished conspirator; he pretended to limp, complaining bitterly of sand in his boot. The colonel took him on his knees, contrived to turn his back on the jailer, and, while taking off the child's boot, secured

the letter concealed in it, which gave him information of the progress of the trial, and what he had himself to hope and fear."

The annexed is a striking instance of superstition in the emperor.

"During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait; he never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith despatched to assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind."

A journal scarcely worth printing is joined to the end of the first volume, of one of those ladies attached to the *ancien régime*, who nevertheless accepted places at the imperial court, renouncing their principles, but preserving their opinions. The chief facts in this diary are the fair journalist's great indignation against Buonaparte for not liking ladies who talked much, for interfering with their costume, and, worse than all, there is a pathetic paragraph, of the glory of France being lost, and herself being horrorstruck, by the emperor's addressing some German princesses as 'Mademoiselles.' The curiosity of this journal is, that though our literary valet sees fit to publish it, he every now and then inserts a little note of contradiction or softening. Most of the personal details respecting the emperor are known; but we, at least, do not remember the very singular fact, that the beat of his heart was imperceptible to himself and others. It required both time and trouble to break in horses for his use, and he neither rode well nor gracefully; he was not fond of hunting, neither was he a good shot. Among many anecdotes, we select the following:

"One day, at the end of a stag-hunt, he approached Mde. de L., and asked, 'What shall we do with the stag? I place his fate, madam, in your hands.' 'Do what you please,' was the somewhat unfeeling reply of the lady; 'I take no interest in it.' The emperor turned away coldly, and said to the chief huntsman, 'Since the stag has the misfortune not to interest Mde. de L., he does not deserve to live; let him be killed.' He was so shocked with her want of humanity, that he spoke of it the whole evening in terms very little flattering to the lady."

Nothing can be more minute than all the particulars into which this most accurate of valets enters: five pages describe how the emperor was shaved, how he would be shaved on one side only at once, how he finally learnt to shave himself, and how Rustan was obliged to hold his mirror, for he splashed the soap lather over the toilette and curtains; how he had toothpicks made of box-wood, and used slight mixtures of opium for tooth-powder; how he never would wear pantaloons, and always adhered to his black stock; habits to which he was accustomed, and ease, were all he sought in dress; indifferent as to the form, he was nevertheless particular as to the fineness of the material. The same man who wrought for him when at the military school, made his shoes when emperor, and was succeeded in the office by his son; hence, observes Constant, they were always ill made: and he records, with an air of triumph, that, after many efforts, he prevailed on his master to have them rounded, instead of pointed, at the toes. In process of time the lasts became too small; and the scene in which the poor shoemaker is summoned to take new ones, is too absurd to be omitted. "I went myself to the shoemaker, who, though he had made for his majesty, had never seen him: the poor man was stupefied with fear—his head was turned. How should

he ever appear before the emperor, how must he be dressed? I gave him all possible encouragement, and told him he must have a black coat, breeches, sword, and hat. Thus accoutred, he arrived at the Tuilleries, and entered his majesty's room; he made a profound bow, and stood embarrassed enough. 'You are not the person who used to make my shoes,' said Napoleon. 'No your, majesty, emperor, and king, it was my father.' 'Why does he not come now?' 'Because, please your majesty, emperor, and king, he is dead.' 'How much do you make me pay for my shoes?' 'Eighteen francs.' 'It is very dear. Your majesty, emperor, and king, may have them much dearer if you please.' The emperor laughed heartily at the simplicity of this avowal; this laughter completely disconcerted the shoemaker, who, with his hat under his arm, approached to take measure, but the hat rolled down, the sword got between his legs, was broken, and down he fell on his hands and knees; at last, released from hat and sword, he succeeded in taking the length of the emperor's foot."

Will the following remark be taken as a proof of the great happiness of childhood, in having but such slight troubles, or must we admit that their troubles are as great to them? "How happy you are!" said one of Josephine's little pets to her; "you have no mamma to scold you when you tear your clothes."

"The whole army had been ordered to leave off powder, and cut off their queues; many murmured, but all obeyed, excepting one old grenadier belonging to Junot's brigade, who vowed no force should take him from his beloved queue, unless his general cut the first hair. On this reaching Junot's ears, he swore that should be no hindrance: the man was sent for, Junot took up the scissors, and began clipping; and, dismissed with a twenty-franc piece, the veteran went contentedly to be trimmed by the barbers.

"The emperor and his brother Lucien had a grand quarrel on account of the latter's marriage with Mde. J., a lady who had been more than suspected. One day, on Lucien's refusing to marry the Queen of Etruria, the emperor said to him indignantly, 'See to what you are led by your foolish passion for a woman of gallantry.' 'At least,' replied Lucien, 'mine is young and pretty.' This evident allusion to Josephine so enraged the emperor, that he dashed the watch he held on the floor, exclaiming, 'I will break you, since you will listen to nothing, as I have done this watch.'

That Lucien, however, was prudent in some of his affairs of the heart, let the next anecdote witness.

"Lucien was just now very desirous of being in the good graces of the Mde. Mésirai, a pretty and lively actress. The conquest was not a very difficult one: in the first place, it had never been matter of difficulty; secondly, the lady knew Lucien's opulence, and took his liberality for granted. The first attentions of her lover confirmed this opinion. She was settled in a superb house elegantly furnished; and the contract for it given her the day on which she took possession. At every visit he made her some splendid present; this lasted some time: at length Lucien, tired of his bargain, became desirous to get rid of it in the least expensive manner. He had given her a magnificent pair of diamond girandoles; and before he allowed the least coldness to appear in his manner, he took up these earrings one morning, while assisting at his mistress's toilette: 'Truly, love, I shall quarrel with you;

as if I could refuse you any thing, and here are you wearing diamonds whose setting is quite old-fashioned.' 'It is not six months since you gave them me.' 'Six months! as if any woman who had a respect for herself—a woman with the least good taste, would wear w^t at had six months' date! I must send them to my jeweller to be re-set.' The prince was of course most tenderly thanked; and he went away with the earrings and divers other ornaments; but a quarrel next day averted the necessity of returning them. Still the house and furniture were so much gained; when one morning the proprietor waited on her to know if she wished her lease renewed; she ran for her deed of purchase,—it was only a receipt for two years' rent."

We now leave these volumes, for the present at least, to those who delight in personal details, of which they are full. Like other works of the kind, they will be glorious materials for the novelist, philosopher, and historian, some hundred years hence. And now, amid the conflict of opinion, their amusement at least has equal interest and variety. They have not yet been translated into English.

The Denounced. By the Authors of "Tales by the O'Hara Family." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

MR. BANIM was the first who made successful efforts in the field of Irish literature—the first to shew how much of strange adventure, of strong passion, of original character, are to be found in the annals of the last century. Enlightened in his views, liberal in his principles, though devoted to, and an advocate of, opinions in favour of religious tolerance—powerful in the delineations of strong excitement, and the workings of internal passion—giving usually a story of great interest:—we do not wonder at the popularity his writings have obtained, and we cannot but consider such popularity as highly beneficial. It is well to put, frequently, in a familiar shape the evil effects of bigotry; the danger of law so easily wrested to the support of private malice; and the crime as well as mischief of persecution under the name of religion. It is true that these days of intolerance are passing away; but what was the work of opinion is best opposed by the diffusion of another opinion more just and true—the history that has been, ought to operate as a warning to the history that is to be. The volumes before us contain two tales: the first is a romantic story of adventure and escape in the time of William—the second more of private life and individual feeling; and in both the interest is strongly excited and well kept up, though the *dénouement* of the first is somewhat hurried: we are much deceived, if most readers would not wish to know a little more of the future fate of "the Last Baron of Crana." The disadvantages, the discouragements of the penal laws, particularly in the last tale, as operating to prevent all home education among the Catholics, are put in the strongest light. Our author's chief fault is an exaggeration both of language and description; the one is sometimes inflated, and the other overcoloured: we recommend a little softening down to his attention. One of his great merits lies in his perhaps least ambitious efforts; there is a vividness, a reality, about them which gain an intense hold on the reader's imagination: in the scene we have marked for quotation, principally for its length, the air of reality seems to us very striking. We should premise, that Gernon is poaching on the

grounds, as much out of defiance to the Papists as for the sake of the game, his only companion a bull bitch, when Patrick O'Burke arrives at the spot, from which his half-crazed tutor has just retreated.

"My service to you, sir," he said, stepping a few paces from Gernon, who awaited his approach, resting on his piece, and whistling in a low cadence, as he looked in another direction. "And mine to you, sir," he was answered. "What injury have you done upon the gentleman who just parted from you?" continued Patrick. "Gentleman?" repeated Gernon, measuring him with a deliberate glance from head to foot. "I can't tell who you mean by 'gentleman,' young master; but I do not care if you know that the mad creature who left my side a moment ago has undergone no injury from me." Patrick, recollecting the peculiarities of his poor tutor, and his aptness to cry out upon slight occasions, was reasonable enough, in his heated mood, to give credit to this answer. He soon found another subject for talking on, however. "You came here to speak on business with Mr. Pendergast, friend?" "No, friend," Gernon continued his low whistle. "With some of his establishment, then?" "I know not any of them; and on that head wish to remain as wise as I am." "But our game-keeper, Rory Laherty, is not quite unknown to you?" "A passing acquaintanceship, merely." "Briefly; what do you here, sir?" "As briefly—who is it that asks?" "The O'Burke, and on Mr. Pendergast's account: so, tell your errand now:—answer my question." "Perhaps—if you answer one of mine first." "Let me hear it." Patrick also rested on his piece. "Where did your worship attend to hear lawful prayers the last Sabbath day?" "Impudent fellow!" cried Patrick, haughtily. "Impudent? and fellow? Bother. Shew me, and shortly too, that you went to church last Sunday—ay! and the Sundays before it, for as many months as we can count, or pay me twelve-pence, current money of the realm, in satisfaction for every Sabbath day's worship you have missed; such being the fine by law established upon stayers-away from God's service, and loose livers in this pious land." "You shall not tempt me, by your rudeness, fellow, to forget who I am, whoever you may be," said Patrick: "but again I demand to know what is your business here?" "Sport—not business," answered Gernon. "And what kind of sport?" "Such as fills—this," continued Gernon, touching the already half-filled leather bag which hung from his shoulders. "With whose permission, friend?" "Mine own," replied Gernon, coolly filling a small tin measure with brandy from a wicker-cased bottle which he drew out of his pocket:—"Tis a hot day enough, for a September day: will you please to taste?" offering the measure. "I thank you, no; but it remains for me to tell you, that you must henceforth have Mr. Pendergast's leave, as well as your own, to kill his birds and other game on these grounds." "Oh, not at all: see, for example;" he put his piece suddenly to his shoulder as a small flock of wood-quests flew over his head, fired, and brought down two of the birds:—"Fetch me them, Maud, dearee," he continued—and Maud flew to obey his command. Patrick lost all patience at this imperturbable insolence. "The ugly brute shall never take them off the grounds!" he cried. "To be sure, no—but I will for her," said Gernon, pacing to meet the bitch. "Nor you either, by heavens!" Patrick sprang before him, turned round, and presented his piece. "Hollo?" questioned Gernon, staring

at him. "Mind me, fellow," rejoined Patrick; "your shot is gone—I have mine to the good; so take care what you attempt to do." "Oh, brave! brave!" exclaimed the other, scoffingly; and the words were scarce spoken, when, flinging down his own piece, he jumped head foremost upon Patrick, and with one twist of his arms possessed himself of his: "Stop, now, Maud! stop! I don't want your help this time; only keep an eye on the lad, to hinder him and me from any more scuffling: 'tis a pretty sporting-piece," curiously eyeing his prize; "and luck is in my road, this morning, to make my own of it." "You are robber as well as posher, then?" asked Patrick, whose wrath and courage united, though both of the most positive kind, did not prompt him to an immediate continuance of hostilities, under the circumstances. "It can hardly be called poaching," answered Gernon, "to provide a matter of a few dozen of birds for the good bull-feast to-morrow; or robbery, to disarm a concealed Papist, under authority of the Act of Parliament of the last year, in that case made and provided." "Put back the O'Burke's gun in hand, and quit grounds!" here interrupted old Rory Laherty, suddenly arriving on the scene, close by the disputants: he was also armed. "Skirt him, beauty!" exclaimed Gernon, as, with the rapidity and certainty of thought, he wheeled round upon Rory. The old man knew not what was doing, when he found himself without his piece, and at the same moment felt Maud tugging his ample skirts, in obedience to her master's orders. "I must soon press a baggage wain in the king's service, at this rate," pursued Gernon, "to carry Papists' arms to the royal stores, yon," pointing towards the town: "And now, steady young O," to Patrick, who again seemed to meditate an attack,—"I will shoot you as I would shoot a Papish rabbit, if you budge an inch—as for your gamekeeper (so called, but that's to be looked to, yet), Maud can manage him." "Maybe not," said Patrick: then he addressed Rory in Irish: "Is he at hand?" "Within a whistle," replied Rory; "and upon the wind." "Brann! Brann!" cried Patrick; and Brann, our former acquaintance, now grown into the giant which Pendergast had predicted he would be, came galloping out of a near cover. The instant the animal saw how matters stood, his heavy ears, previously cocked, fell low, his eyes glared like live coals, his bristly coat grew rough, and he redoubled his speed to join his friends. At the same moment, still another power appeared in view, in a contrary direction, namely, John Sharpe, his old musket resting on his arm, and his (need it be said?) inch-long pipe between his teeth. "Look to yourself, Maud! I shot a-piece for the Papists, and look to yourself!" Thus Gernon expressed his arrangements for his changed position, holding a piece in either hand, and pointing one at Rory and the other at Patrick. And promptly taking his hint, Maud freed Rory's skirts, and faced round to reconnoitre her more formidable enemy. "This is all fair," continued Gernon; "all fair, and prime sport." The fractious tones of John Sharpe reached him from a distance, demanding, in his own idioms, the meaning of the scene before him, and bidding every human being, and the dogs too, be quite still until his closer approach; but, after a hasty glance at him, Gernon proceeded as if he were not in existence. "I have heard tell of your Papish joyant of a dog, Master big O, and long wished to make him and my little beauty better friends; now they are like to be it for it: so, we have nothing to do but look on, and shew them fair

play.—Wait for him, Maud! wait for him! Brann yet wanted about one hundred yards of the ground occupied by his adversary, who, even anticipating her master's advice, coolly though ferociously awaited his attack. John Sharpe, seeing his all-powerful commands made light of, redoubled his exhortations in the other direction, raised his voice to a cracked scream, presented his musket with the left arm, shook his right fist, and at last, in an effort to run forward, fell. At this instant Brann came within a bound of Maud, and, perhaps in deference to the beauty's sex, suddenly stopped short. Feeling no such scruples with respect to him, she was fast in his throat, in requital for his gallantry, before he seemed well aware of her intent. At the first consciousness of assault, or of pain, the noble brute cracked his head backward and forward, but in vain; Maud held him firm. The great strength of his neck and shoulders was sufficient to raise her clear off the ground, and he often did so, but still to no purpose; and in a short time, self-exhausted by his own struggles, as much as he was enfeebled by loss of blood, and agitated by pain, he submitted for a moment to the advantage she had gained over him, lowering his head, so as to permit her to tug hard, and uttering short and broken barks, while she did not suffer a sound to escape her. "The bit will be out the next tug or so if he gives up that way," observed Gernon; while Patrick and Rory looked on, utterly astonished and grieved at this inconceivable discomfiture of their boasted Irish stag-hound: "but stop; what's in his head, now?" continued the Mayor of Bull-ring. Of a sudden, Brann resumed his struggles to shake off his deadly foe. Then he jumped backward, and dragged her with him; her dangerous tugging being now ended, and her whole strength exerted to cling close and keep her grip. They went back many paces from the spot on which had commenced the fight, Maud still dragged or tossed at the will of her captive. "He wants to get her into the water, the born devil!" cried Gernon; and he had scarcely spoken, when Brann confirmed his surmise, by slipping into a small but deep pool, which he had gradually approached, and forcing the hitherto with him. They sunk; they quickly rose again; Brann now above Maud, but Maud's tusks still in his throat, while the water grew tinted with his pure Milesian blood. "And now he wants to drown her!" continued Gernon, observing that, indeed, Brann, easily remaining uppermost in the new element, as well by virtue of his superior strength, as by his skill in swimming, struck Maud repeatedly with his heavy paws, and almost plunged his own nose under water, to keep her from breathing a mouthful of air. "Well! if the ould soul of cunning Papistry be not in the body of that Papish brute, my name's not John Gernon! Draw dogs, Master Patrick, draw dogs! I consent to have it called a drawn-battle, till some other day. Help me, man, I say, or else the to-morrow's bull may wear his garland home to his stall!" and so saying, he discharged both the loaded pieces which he had hitherto held in his hands, evidently as a precaution against an attack upon himself by their owners, Rory and Patrick; and then, flinging them on the bank of the pool, jumped into the water. Patrick followed his example, more out of anxiety for Brann's oozing wound, than for the life of Maud; and both swam, or waded breast or knee high, according to the varying nature of the ground at the bottom of the pool, round their dogs. The bitch's teeth were now easily disengaged from her adversary's throat, for, in fact, she

was half drowned, and sense and muscular power began to decrease together. "Take him with you, to the mass, if you like, a' God's name! and land him at your own side, there, exhort Gernon, when they had parted the animals, and each seized his own by the neck."

We regret we have not room for the full fight, or some illustrations of the second story; but our readers cannot do better than refer to the volumes themselves, when we think they will agree with our high estimate of Mr. Banim's talents: he is well entitled to rank among the foremost of our modern writers.

Discoveries in the Science and Art of Healing.
By John St. John Long, Esq. M.R.S.L.
Together with the Evidence upon which the
Author claims the Confidence of the Country,
&c. &c. 8vo. pp. 111. London, 1830. Bur-
gess and Hill.

WHEN (as we are ready, and conceive it to be our duty, to bring forward every pretence of improvement in science or art,) we first brought forward for investigation the claims of Mr. Long to the much-desired discovery of a cure for consumption, we excited no small degree of anger on the part of many of our esteemed medical friends. We were, in spite of our general character, which should have exempted us from such reproaches, accused of encouraging quackery and abetting error, and we were laughed at for supposing the disorder to be susceptible of cure. Nay, some genuine quacks, but who had been systematically trained to medicine, and only mixed public writing with their other drugs, used us still worse; and had we not been blessed with an excellent constitution, we are persuaded they would have killed us outright—if railing and abuse could kill. But we calmly held on our course: we said then, as we say now, that Mr. Long's pretensions ought to be examined, and, if erroneous, put down—if justified by results, supported; for the question at issue is of infinite and vital importance to society. There is not a family in the country whom it does not affect; there is not a single breast which it can fail to interest.

And after the inquiries we have made, and the experience we have had, we will not be rallied out of a belief in what we perceive through our own organs of sense, though it were fifty times more improbable than that an individual, not bred as a surgeon or physician, may have made a great discovery in the healing art. The history of the world is full of such events; and we are inclined to think that more valuable mysteries have been unfolded by chance and accident than by scientific research directed to any specific object.

In the volume now before us Mr. Long fairly challenges his adversaries, and brings forward such testimonies in proof of his successful practice, that we do not know by what process of reasoning they can be resisted. Sure we are, that on the tenth portion of such evidence in a court of justice, the decision upon men's properties and lives would be taken without a moment's doubt, and the world would be completely satisfied with the verdict. But in almost all professional matters it is curious to see with what ire an intruder is viewed: one would fancy that the attempt to paint a picture, or compose a tune, or assuage a disease, were in itself infamous in any individual not duly initiated; yet Mr. Long fortifies himself on the authorities of the great Lord Bacon and Sir Astley Cooper, that they, at least in regard to the medical art, did not consider it in this light. "Every medicine (says the former) is an innovation; and he that will not apply new

remedies, must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator;" and Sir Astley tells us that "persons who object to a proposition merely because it is new, or who endeavour to detract from the merit of the man who first gives efficacy to a new idea by demonstrating its usefulness and applicability, are foolish, unmanly, envious, and illiberal objectors; they are unworthy of the designation either of professional men or of gentlemen."

Now, by rules of this order we would have Mr. Long's system tried. The whole science of medicine is neither more nor less than a conflict of opinions; hardly two of its wisest and most experienced adepts agreeing upon any one malady or any one method of cure. Hence variances at consultations, and hence the suggestion of fifty different remedies for every ill that attracts attention: such as hydrophobia at this moment. Surrounded, therefore, with so much of doubt and darkness, we are not disposed to quarrel harshly with any individual who endeavours to elucidate some part of the mystery; and we must say for Mr. Long, that he advances into the arena in a candid, open, and manly manner. He states: "the object of this work is to lay before the public the successful results of my researches on some of the more important diseases of the human frame, particularly in the cure of consumption and mania, and prevention of the fatal consequences of small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough, or other analogous inflammable disorders, to which I shall subjoin my reasons for departing from the established rules of medical practice. To point out a new and heretofore unassigned origin for various deviations from the standard of health, whether hereditary or contracted, and to shew that these depend on a certain *acrid matter*, or *fluid* pervading the system while in a *state of disease*. To prove by indisputable facts that *insanity* is a disease of the *body*, and not a primary distemper of the *mind*. And also to meet the wishes of many correspondents, who are solicitous of being informed of the nature and extent of the diseases that come within the reach of my discovery, and to make the general outline of my practice, in its various adaptations and analogies, intelligible to every capacity; and briefly, to submit the documentary evidence upon which I claim the confidence of the country. In this succinct sketch I shall confine myself to facts, the results of my own experience, and simply state that which I am able and ready to prove by trial at any time, with the view not only of increasing the benefits of my discovery, but of silencing the idle declamation of those whose interest it may be to oppose me."

This, at least, is a plain and honest declaration; and the author proceeds to lay down, with the same plainness, the principles on which he founds his system. Among these the leading ones are—to avoid the use of injurious medicines; instead of weakening, to invigorate the constitution of patients, whatever may be their disorder; and to abstain from blood-letting and reductions, as generally hurtful, since they do not remove deteriorated qualities, but take quantity from quantity, not quality from quantity. There is an obvious common sense in these propositions, whether they may or may not be consistent with the dicta of medical authorities; and we are inclined to think well of common sense in preference to the jargon of schools.

Mr. Long next asserts that he has cured innumerable cases of consumption, after the parties had been given up by the faculty; and that more recently he has found his mode of

treatment applicable to mania and other diseases, which have been effectually removed by it. He also repeats his challenge to undertake the cases of twelve or eighteen persons in three different stages of consumption, (incipient, fair, and desperate,) brought to him by physicians, and to rest the whole merits of his practice on this trial.

Upon these two points we need make few remarks—the test offered shews no fear of failure, and if Mr. Long is so obnoxious to objection as his enemies represent, why do not they overwhelm him at once by this experiment? The matter at issue is important enough to deserve a trial: nay, if only one life, instead of the lives of the hundreds to whom Mr. Long appeals, was concerned, he should be taken at his word and put upon his probation. But till that is done, he must be judged by such facts as he alleges in support of his success; and this volume, it cannot be denied, contains the most staggering proofs which it is possible for medicine to produce.

The great Dr. Cullen held that a remedy for consumption might be discovered; and Mr. Long is only one of several who have claimed the credit of unfolding that inestimable secret. But he does more, he brings forward his living witnesses to demonstrate the truth of his assertion. And, be it observed, these are not ignorant, uneducated, low, and incredible persons; but, on the contrary, individuals of intelligence, of the first education, of high rank, and of the most unquestionable credibility. When we see the names of such men, to documents of the kind produced by Mr. Long, as Lord Harewood, Lord Dartmouth, Lord Howe, Lord Ingestre, Sir Thomas Lawrence, ladies of similar station in the upper circles, physicians, superior officers in the army and navy, eminent merchants, and plain sensible citizens, (and there are all these,) we really do not know on what ground we could refuse credence to the fact, that he has and is achieving many and very extraordinary cures: and Mr. Long has now under his care eminent members of the houses of Lords and Commons, and ladies of the first distinction, bearing evidence to their improvement, or perfect recovery.

But we have yet another substantiation of Mr. Long's method to state, and truth and justice will not suffer us to withhold it, to whatever obloquy it may expose us in sceptical quarters. We did not introduce the question to the public (as it may be remembered by our readers) without satisfying ourselves, by personal inquiry and examination of patients, either cured, or in the way of being restored to health; and we only vouch for so far as they declared to us. This was a year ago, and we were told that the whole was an illusion, and that these parties would infallibly relapse and

* A curious paper was lately read to the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, by M. Flourens, on what is called hibernation. Hibernation, in natural history, is the state of torpor and lethargy in which several animals, as the marmot, for instance, pass nearly the whole of winter. Cold, insensible, immovable, rolled up into a ball, they continue for three or four successive months without eating, without drinking, without breathing, and almost without circulation. M. Flourens made a variety of experiments, with a view to ascertain the causes of this phenomenon. The result appears to be, that it is by the gradual decrease of respiration in these animals that the cold is permitted to operate in producing the state of torpor alluded to; and that as the respiration regains its activity, the operation of the cold becomes less and less influential. From other experiments made on birds, M. Flourens confidently draws the following conclusions, as applicable to human beings; viz. that a prolonged exposure to cold is one of the most powerful causes of pulmonary consumption; and that, on the contrary, living in a warm place is so powerful an antagonist of that malady, that, alone, it is sufficient to cure it when it has not been allowed to proceed to the last stage.

die: but they have not! We have made it our business, before we returned to the question, to see them again, to write to them, and to ascertain the exact situation in which they now are. The result has been most satisfactory: and as one case is the counterpart of nearly all, we will refer to that stated at pages 64 and 5 of Mr. Long's book. We visited this individual, (so distinguished in the scientific and mechanical world,) and we saw the dying man of two and three years ago, in perfect health, attended by a beautiful infant family, and attributing his "recovery from the grave," on the brink of which he had stood, to the efficacy of the system pursued by Mr. Long. Such a fact needs no comment.

But not to intrude too much upon our readers with a subject of this kind, we shall close for the present, reserving some remarks on the pathology involved in the author's theory for another occasion.

The Family Library, No. XIII.; British Painters and Sculptors, Vol. III. London, 1830. J. Murray.

Our worthy friend Allan Cunningham improves so much as he goes on, that we could wish his three volumes increased to three times three. This is a very interesting performance, with lives of Grinling Gibbons, Gabriel Cibber, Roubiliac, Wilton, Banks, Nollekens, Bacon, Mrs. Damer, and Flaxman: the last is the best of the whole; and the penultimate, we think, rather the worst, from not being treated in the same liberal and generous spirit which has been extended to the masculine portraits in the book, but ungallantly withheld from the only female. We must also protest against some of the posthumous assaults upon the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds: the anecdotes may be true, but they may also be miscoloured; and as the dead cannot explain or refute them, we are always sorry to see a bright name darkened, where no moral purpose can be promoted by the act. We are sure that honest Allan has been impelled to do as he has done by a strong sense of justice; but still we would rather that he had softened somewhat of its sternness, and left the whip to other hands.

Having said thus much by way of preface, we shall extract a few passages from the interesting memoir of Flaxman, the most classical and imaginative of England's sculptors.

Flaxman (born at York, July 6, 1755) was the son of a moulder of figures, and in his father's little shop, in New Street, Covent Garden, and in the Strand, imbibed, or rather, perhaps, developed, that (innate) genius which raised him to such fame in after life. He was a weakly child, and slightly deformed; but serene in disposition and enthusiastic in soul. His tastes were precociously displayed, not only in drawing and modelling, but in reading Homer and other illustrious authors — extraordinary pursuits for a boy of the tender age of seven years.

"A great and salutary change (his biographer tells us) took place in his tenth year. He had been hitherto weak and ailing; his studies had been repeatedly interrupted by long fits of illness, and, unable to move without crutches, he had seen little of the green fields, and shared in none of the sports natural to boys of his age. A flush of health came upon him at once; he grew strong, lively, and active; the crutches were thrown aside, never to be resumed; and full of a new spirit, he thought of nothing but adventures such as happened to heroes of romance, and longed to have opportunities of shewing his generosity and cou-

rage. A perusal of that enchanting book, *Don Quixote*, a tall folio, 'translated by sundry wits of Oxford,' wrought this enchantment upon him. 'He was so much delighted with the amiable though eccentric hero,' observes a biographer, 'and his account of the duties and honourable perils of knight-errantry, that he thought he could not do better than sally forth to right wrongs and redress grievances. Accordingly, one morning early, unknown to any one, armed with a little French sword, he set out, without a squire, in search of adventures which he could not find. After wandering about Hyde Park the whole day without meeting enchanter or distressed damsel, he returned home rather ashamed of his romantic flight, and never again sought to emulate the exploits of him of La Mancha, though he always retained a great admiration of his character.' This family legend lends some countenance to a story which I may relate without attesting. Flaxman, it is said, was one day describing a statue remarkable for the truth of its proportions, and more for its heroic beauty, which he had seen somewhere in Italy, and wishing to give a clear idea of it, put himself into the position of the figure, and holding up his hand and extending his right arm, said, 'Look, my lord, at me.' The diminutive stature and disproportioned body of the great sculptor supply the ludicrous of a tale which more will laugh at than fully believe. When health and strength came, Flaxman seems to have made up his mind to follow sculpture. He modelled and drew most assiduously; his father's shop was his academy, and the antique statues which it contained supplied him with form and proportion; their serenity of sentiment presented something akin to his own emotions. If it be true that Roubiliac said he saw no symptoms of genius about our artist's boyish compositions, he was not more fortunate in another artist, to whom, in a moment of confidence, he shewed a drawing of a human eye: 'Is it an oyster?' inquired Mortimer. The joke of the jester made a deep impression upon the sensitive boy, and he resolved to shew no more attempts of either modelling tool or pencil to those who consider it wisdom to humble the enthusiasm of youthful genius. His belief in his own talent was not to be shaken by a few light words; the feeling of internal power had come early upon him; and when he sat, a lonely child with his crutches beside him, reading of poets, heroes, and ancient worthies, he had resolved to attempt something by which his name also might be continued to the world."

We do not follow the narrative through the details of his attracting the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew, who cultivated his predilection for the mighty writers of Greece and Rome; or of his studies at the Academy, where Engleheart carried off the gold medal from him,—upon which occasion Mr. Cunningham severely censures Reynolds and the council. Among his labours at this period for subsistence may be mentioned the making of models for the Wedgwoods' celebrated pottery; and in ten years, previous to 1782, he exhibited thirteen works at the Royal Academy, "including five portraits in wax or in terracotta, and a sketch for a monument to Chatterton. The busts are not even named—no description has reached us of the monument of Chatterton—but of the other seven works a more particular account can be rendered. One was a model in clay of Pompey after his defeat at Pharsalia—a second of Agrippina after the death of Germanicus—a third, Hercules with Dejanira's

poisoned shirt—a fourth, Acis and Galatea—and a fifth, the death of Julius Caesar. Some of these were terracottas and in relief, others were in plaster of Paris; all were less than half the size of life, and none of them were in marble. Here is a sure proof of the early pecuniary difficulties under which this eminent man laboured—if patronage had smiled, the plaster-model would assuredly have been converted into marble, and the half-size expanded to that of life. In the year 1782 he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in War-dour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife—Ann Denman—one whom he had long loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But, what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius—she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed, with double zeal, the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit: but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'So Flaxman,' said the president one day as he chanced to meet him, 'I am told you are married—if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist!' Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, 'I am ruined for an artist.' 'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' said he, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it—I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession.' For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow: but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city."

This is a beautiful picture of a well-assorted union; and we would hold it out as worth all the models that ever even Flaxman made, for the imitation of every conjugal pair, whether they happen to be engaged in the fine arts, in literature, or in the ordinary pursuits of life.

Flaxman, thus happily and congenially married, visited Italy in 1787, and speedily acquired a great reputation; and here again Mr. Cunningham pays a distinguished tribute to the virtues and excellence of his partner-wife.

"Those (he says) who desire to see Flaxman aright during his seven years' study in Italy, must not forget to admit into the picture the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No;

they loved each other truly; they read the same books, thought the same thoughts, prized the same friends, and like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated. Their residence was in the Via Felice; and all who wished to be distinguished for taste or genius were visitors of the sculptor's humble abode. Patrons now began to make their appearance: the author of the Homeric designs might be countenanced with safety." These designs were the well-known and noble series to illustrate the Iliad and Odyssey.

On his return to England, Flaxman found Banks, Bacon, and Nollekens, in full employment; but he immediately entered upon the highest branch of his art, and cultivated it with such success, as to acquire the foremost rank of them all. In his forty-fifth year he was made a member of the Royal Academy; and his future life was spent in private esteem and public honour; his productions, full of poetry and magnificent ideas, nobly sustaining him at the pinnacle which his genius had reached. The account of his various works and the incidents of his life, is ably written; but we must refer to the original for the gratification of perusing it, and content ourselves with one farther extract, which curiously describes the sculptor's process in working in marble.

"It was the practice of this eminent artist to work his marbles from half-sized models—a system injurious to true proportion. The defects of the small model were aggravated, at the rate of eight to one, in the full-sized marble; and such is the nature of the material, that no labour, however judicious, can effectually repair so grievous an error. It is true, that one with an eye so correct, and a taste so well determined, was unlikely to make great mistakes; but all those acquainted with working in marble know, that the removal of one defect is often the means of discovering two, and that any change is like cutting a tooth out of a nicely balanced wheel. By working in that way, indeed, time is supposed to be saved, also some expense—and chiefly the difficulty is eluded of raising up a large structure of wet clay, and preserving it in just proportion till modelled and cast in plaster. But little labour and little thought go to construct a skeleton of wood, in the shape of the figure to be made, round which the modelling clay is wrought—a constant practice with those who feel it to be wiser to work in a soft and pliable material than commit themselves with small models in the difficulties of marble. By means of this skeleton of wood, the naked figure is raised; and farther frame-work is constructed to support hanging draperies. Wire and bits of wood will suspend arms or folds; while the whole skeleton is kept in its position by an upright piece of timber, resembling the mast of a ship, which rises out of the centre of the turning-banker on which the statue is modelled. When the skeleton is ready, and the modelling-clay nicely beat up till it is pliable as the softest dough, the artist places the sketch which he means to copy before him, and cutting the square lumps of clay into long thin slices, works it round the frame-work and beats it solidly in, so as to leave no crevices in which water may lodge and endanger his labour. The clay wrought with tools of wood, and with the hand, gradually grows into the desired form: the artist turns the figure round and round—proves it in strong and in weak lights—compares it with living and also dead models; and when he conceives it to be true in proportion, and expressing the wished-for sentiment, pro-

ceeds to clothe or drape it. All statues are modelled naked and then clothed: this insures accuracy of proportion and gracefulness of shape, without which no drapery will hang with elegance, and fine workmanship is thrown away. To obtain a natural and flowing drapery, a cloak or robe of the same texture of that to be represented is put upon the lay figure—the figure itself fixed in the proper position, and the robe adjusted till it falls in the desired manner: the general idea of the drapery—the chief leading lines—are already determined, and from the robe the detail is copied. In these great essentials—proper conception of sentiment, posture, and drapery—Flaxman was a master. When the model is completed, a mould in plaster of Paris is then made over the figure; and all the clay and frame-work are removed. The mould being made in two parts is readily washed and placed together; the cast is then formed of a finer plaster than the mould, and irons are put up the centre to support it. With a wooden mallet and a blunt chisel formed like a wedge, the artist removes the outer mould, which peels readily off; when the plaster statue is entirely cleaned down, it is then fit to be dried in a hot stove, and copied into marble. Had Flaxman made his models full size, he would have been no loser of time; and certainly in fame, of which he was justly more careful, he would have been a gainer. The process of rough-hewing the marble from a full-sized model, is quick, and easy, and safe, compared to using the lesser size; and in carving the artist sees his way far better, where every fold, however minute, is clearly made out and defined. The simplicity and accuracy of the new pointing instrument furthers labour greatly, and transfers the minutest part of the original plaster-model with mathematical precision to marble. Flaxman latterly became sensible of the advantage of large models—his Archangel Michael overcoming Satan was made in that manner, and so were several of his lesser works."

LIFE OF BISHOP HEBER.

COPIOUS as were our analysis and illustrations of this work in our last *Gazette*, we are induced by its interest to add yet a few columns to the notice.

"In a review of Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, which appeared in the *Quarterly*, Mr. Heber introduces a prophecy of the death of Timour, or Tamerlane, who, 'after founding an empire more extensive than the life of any other man has sufficed to traverse, was arrested, like a tyrant of later days, in his schemes of universal sovereignty, by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China.' He died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand. 'This event,' he observes, 'almost naturally slides into poetry.'

Timour's Councils.

Emirs and Khâns in long array,
To Timour's council bent their way;
The lordly Tartar waiting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The valiant Russ, and, lured from far,
Circassia's mercenaries.
But one there came, uncall'd and last,
The spirit of the wintry blast!
He mark'd, while rapt in mist he stood,
The purposed track of spoil and blood;
He mark'd, unmoved by mortal woe,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;
That restless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died;
He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:—
'And hopest thou thus, in pride uncurl'd,
To bear those banners through the world?
Can time nor space thy toils defy?
O king, thy fellow-demon I!'

Servants of Death, alike we sweep,
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep,
And on the land, and o'er the wave,
We reap the harvest of the grave.
But thickest then that harvest lies,
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
In darker cloud the vultures sail,
And richer carnage taints the gale,
And few the mourners that remain,
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, our lord's decree!—
Then, tyrant, turn, and come with me!
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then!
Forth to thy task! we meet again,
On wild Chabang's frozen plain!"

There is some romantic writing in a masque entitled "Gwendolen," to which we are sorry we have only room to refer; while we insert a very playful letter on a subject of a light and sportive character.

"There is yet another hospital for minor wits, which, in wideness of circulation, falls only short of the *Quarterly Review*; in elegance of exterior, surpasses the most splendid album; and which, from its judicious mixture of useful information, elegant literature, and blank paper nicely ruled, is the peculiar favourite, the chosen companion, the faithful confidante, and depository of secrets for the young, the fair, and the tender-hearted. Alas, my dear—I fear you have been so ill educated that you do not at once perceive that I allude to 'Gledge's Royal Engagement Pocket Atlas and Almanack,' a work which has the distinguished merit of gathering up the smallest possible sparkles of human intellect; which affords a twelve month's immortality to many whose names would otherwise have never been repeated out of their own families; which offers to our notice scenes from popular novels unknown to any review; prints of villas, to which the nearest ale-house-keeper could hardly shew the way; fashions which she who follows does it at her own peril; and poetry, which Milton himself would have found it necessary to imitate, if Milton had sought the applause of milliners and young apprentices. Let it not, however, be supposed that there is no distinction of rank in Gledge's paradise, or that the higher distinctions are not here, as elsewhere, the exclusive inheritance of talent and of toil. To carve a snuff-box requires, indeed, less genius than to produce a *Laeocon* or a *Farnese Hercules*. But even in snuff-boxes there is a great difference; and much diligent study, and many sleepless nights, are requisite before we can hope to receive a prize pocket-book for the best charade, and to produce a logogram on which our fame may rest in profound security. So, at least, I am assured by a young acquaintance who overtook me some time ago in the streets of a great mercantile city, where he had a few years previous been placed by his parents with an eminent conveyancer. I had known him before as a youth of very pleasing manners and exterior; of good temper; of lively talents; and, at least, as well informed as the majority of lads who pass from the school to the counting-house. I was, therefore, not surprised that, while pressing me to dine with him, he enforced his request by the offer of introducing me to some very agreeable literary characters, with whom he had been so fortunate as to form an intimacy. I felt, however, I knew not why, something like a cold shudder when he further informed me, that these able and amiable young men were in the habit of meeting in an evening to read their own works to each other. But, as I was able to plead a previous engagement, I went on to inquire with some interest, and much personal tranquillity, into the nature

of these studies to which his friends were chiefly addicted, and of the compositions which were thus produced for the common advantage of the society. 'Oh, sir!' was his reply, 'we are all, like yourself, zealous votaries of the muses. Many of us have repeatedly obtained the prize for charades and riddles; I have myself made so much progress as to have written three letters in verse to my parents,—and you will perhaps think me vain—but I am now just engaged in a logogram, which, even Mudge himself assures me will be very tolerable.' 'Mr. Mudge,' I said, 'is, I presume, the most formidable critic of your society.' 'Oh, sir, he is all in all with us. He is, indeed, a man of extraordinary talents, who has been, for some time, the main support of the 'Royal Engagement and Pocket Atlas,' and whose contributions, under his assumed name of *Aphrodite*, have been solicited with propitiatory presents by half the stationers in the kingdom. Poor Mudge,' he continued, 'he is, indeed, an enthusiast in logograms! It was only last week that, after a restless night employed in intense meditation, a heavy slumber fell on him, from which he awoke under the strangest circumstances imaginable. His pulse beat high; his skin was feverish; a word, of which he felt, as it were, the weight, seemed bursting from his soul, and a conviction flashed on his mind that this word contained the elements of the most extraordinary logogram in the English language. He sprang from his bed,—he thrust his head through the window. Immediately a stream of words extractable from this one rushed on his memory, and he has already made out a list of five hundred and seventy-six, without one obsolete among them! When I had recovered from the whimsical contrast which this logogrammatic *Berserkgangr* presented to the parallel exploit of Coleridge, who wrote his *Kubla-Khan* under the effects of opium, I inquired if this prolific 'Mater Lectureis' was a very long one. 'Only four syllables,' he answered, with a smile; 'but perhaps, sir, if you are not much in the habit of composing logograms, you can hardly conceive how many words a single well-chosen noun may be coaxed into. For instance, how many are there in steam-boat?' 'Two,' I rashly made reply, 'steam and boat.' 'Aha!' said he, with a laugh of good-natured superiority, 'have I caught you? Are there not to be framed out of these letters, beast and boat, and toast and oats, and beam and meat?' 'Oh spare me!' interrupted I, 'you have perfectly convinced me.' 'I thought so! and do you know that this is my own logogram, and that I have already gotten eighty-six words, and hope to find more?' 'This,' said I, 'is indeed vastly clever and curious; but what (I speak ignorantly) has it to do with poetry?' 'Surely, sir,' was the reply, 'you do not think that *Gledge* would admit into his pocket-book any thing which was not in verse? No, believe me; we are obliged not only to describe our original word enigmatically and poetically, but to give each of its dependent terms in a separate couplet, and under the like mask of a riddle. Let me tell you it is no easy matter to give a figurative and allegorical account of eighty-six words successively.' I here lifted up my hands and eyes, which action my young companion observed, and continued, 'It would indeed, as you may think, be impossible without long practice; but my friend Mudge, who is far above any paltry jealousy, has put it in my power to make a progress beyond any of the

club, by revealing to me the secrets of his own eminence, and procuring for me 'Bysche's Art of Poetry and Complete Rhyming Dictionary.' Of course you are well acquainted with the work; but those who have not seen it would be quite astonished to find how easy it is, with such a guide, to write poetry.' 'Has Mr. Mudge,' I inquired, 'favoured his friends with any poetry of a different description from logograms?' 'Has he not?' was the reply; 'I should like to repeat to you his 'Weeping Window,' and his 'Answer to an Invitation to a Strawberry Feast.' We had by this time arrived at the point where we were to separate, but the temptation was too strong to resist; I turned down his street, and became his willing auditor, endeavouring, at the same time, with all my power to commit the precious morsels to memory. The first, unhappily, in a great measure escaped me; and I can only remember that a window-glass, on a rainy day, was called 'the amorous pane of a despairing lover.' In my report of the second I can answer for my own accuracy, though I must despair of doing justice to the luminous comments with which my friendly reciter accompanied them. 'He begins,' said he, 'as you will observe, in a playful style:

'Friend Higginson, I've understood
That strawberries are wholesome food,
And see no cause to doubt it;
For many potties I have swallowed,
And no bad consequence has followed,
Then why say aught about it?'

('Why, indeed?' said I. 'Oh sir, said he, impatiently, 'observe the invocation which follows:')

'Hail, strawberry! thou fruit divine!
In any other shape than wine,

(Strawberry wine, you know, is but nasty stuff)

With Branker's patent suavity!

(Branker, you will observe, sells patent sugar)

Such parties do I daily see
At Pheebe Brown's, by aid of thee,
Who dissipate their gravity.

(Pheebe Brown sells strawberries. Now comes the apology:)

But, Higginson, upon my soul,
Though much I love the spoon and bowl,
I can't go with you now!
Such an engagement have I fix'd,
My hope is vain of strawberries mix'd
With extract of the cow!'

Extract of the cow! ha, ha, ha! — meaning cream; ha, ha! But you are in a hurry: Good morning. Let me see you if you come into this neighbourhood again. — Extract of the cow! There's for you!'

Speaking of his Majesty's trip to Scotland in 1821, Mr. H. truly observes—

"I rejoice exceedingly that the king's expedition is to take place. * * * * If, after visiting Ireland, he sails in his yacht to Glasgow, and thence returns by Edinburgh and York, he will have done much, very much, towards regaining a positive and personal hold on the affections of a people who are naturally more inclined to admire and serve the stately figure whose smiles and bows they have shared in, than the abstract term which they have only known as G. R. on the top of a tax-paper, or which they have seen embodied in the vile caricatures of Hone and Company. I verily believe the Welch could hardly have rejoiced more if Arthur had risen again, than in the prospect of seeing him; all those who handle harp or organ anticipating royal applause, and all those who write dissertations and publish archaeologies, looking forwards to the establishment of British professorships in the univer-

sities, and many similar *avatars* of bounty and patronage."

We have spoken of Heber's serenity of mind and gentle gravity, yet how innocently gay! — thus he writes at sea, after sailing for Calcutta:

"Of the sea, on which so large a part of my future life must be passed, (more particularly if I carry my Australasian visitations into effect,) I have already some means of forming an opinion, and so far as I am myself concerned, we seem likely to suit each other perfectly. Though we have had a good deal of contrary weather, and our full allowance of the noble game of pitch and toss, I have not been unwell even for an hour; and between the various occupations of reading, writing, walking the quarter-deck, watching the flying fish, and learning Hindooostane and Persian, I have not as yet felt any of that vacuity of time of which I was most apprehensive, and of which others have complained as the worst calamity of a long sea-voyage. The only want I feel is of exercise,—a serious one, and which I know not how to remedy; merely pacing the deck is nothing. I cannot (*salvi gravitate*) amuse myself with running up and down the shrouds as the young cadets do;—and though I have a most majestic and Patagonian pair of dumb bells (after the manner of Bengal), I cannot use them in my cabin without endangering my wife and child, and have not yet reconciled myself to exhibiting them on deck, or among the hen coops. My resource, I apprehend, must be to live more sparingly in proportion to my necessary inactivity; but, as my northern appetite still subsists in full vigour, even this will be by no means an agreeable remedy; while it is one of which my shipmates seem to have no notion. Most of them every morning begin at half-past eight with a breakfast of cold ham, mutton chops, or broiled herrings; renew the war at twelve with biscuit, cheese, and beer; dine at three in a very substantial manner; tea it and toast it at six; and conclude the day at nine with a fresh lading of biscuit and cheese, and a good tumbler of grog or wine and water. The ladies, indeed, do not leave their cabins before dinner-time, and are only present in the cuddly at dinner and in the evening. Yet I hear the clash of knives and forks going on with great spirit behind the bulk-heads; and have every reason to believe that the weaker sex finds at least as much need of a full and generous diet as the colonels, majors, and capitains of sea and land. And this (I am assured by many persons) is the custom of India, where 'to eat little and often' is recommended by the best physicians. The 'often' they have certainly hit off to a nicety. Of the 'little' I will only say, that if this be the abstinence of the East, it is no matter of wonder with me that some folks leave their livers there. Though now decidedly within the tropics, and with the sun to the northward of us, we have no heat to complain of; and though most people on board have assumed linen or camlet clothes, it has been, I think, as much from fashion as necessity. Till within these few days, indeed, the weather has been decidedly cold; and, while in the latitude of Lisbon and Gibraltar, the captain more than once complained that, if it had not been for the 'blue water,' he might still have fancied himself amidst the cold and 'dirty' weather of the Channel or the German Sea. Of this blue water I had heard much, and it certainly does not fall short of my expectation. In bright weather it is, as compared with our green sea, richly and strikingly beautiful, and the flakes of foam streak it like *tapis lazuli* inlaid with silver. Even in storms it has

a warmer and richer tint than that of the waves which chased us from Ilbrei's land towards Parkgate, and enables me to understand more fully than I ever did before the 'wine-faced sea,' *aversa maris*, of Homer. For the rest, I have seen dolphins, flying fishes, and a grampus; a whale and a shark have paid the ship a visit, but I was not then on deck. The flying fish are, as yet, very small; and the flocks in which they skim along the surface of the waves gives them so much the appearance of water-wagtails, that a repeated and attentive view is required to convince a stranger of their actual fishhood.'

As an appendage to this, we cannot resist a sketch of him in one of his journeys in India, written by his companion Mr. J. Lushington.

"September.—Hume says that admiration and acquaintance are incompatible towards any human being; but the more I know of the Bishop, the more I esteem and revere him—

cuju amor tantum mihi crescit in horis,

Quantum vere novo viridis se surgit alnus.

He seems born to conciliate all parties, and to overcome what has before appeared impossible. Most great talkers are sometimes guilty of talking absurdities; but, though scarcely an hour silent during the day, I have never heard him utter a word which I could wish recalled.

"*Futtiehpoo.*—In coming through a brook of water running across the road, the Bishop's horse thought proper to lie down and give him a roll; with his usual kindness, instead of kicking him till he got up again, he only patted him, and said, 'he was a nice fellow.'

"*Kuleanpoor.*—Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the skies, the Bishop and I set off to ride a long sixteen miles. We had sent on all our clothes, hoping it might clear up; but had scarcely rode a hundred yards when a rain came on that wet us to the skin; and as we had not a dry rag to put on had we returned to the tents, we faced the pelting storm, which by, was straight in our eyes, most manfully. 'We staid not for brook, and we stopped not for stone,' but dashed on to Pulliampoor, which we reached in about an hour and a half,—at least I did; his lordship's horse knocked up, and he was not up for half an hour after me. There was no standing on ceremony, and I rode on and got a fire lighted in a wretched serial. Perhaps the smoke and stink, &c. kept out the cold, which I thought I must have caught after standing so long in drenched clothes. The scene was rather good when the Bishop arrived. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indies sitting cowering over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come further than the doorway of the hut; and in the back-ground, close to his head, my horse's tail, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud with which the poor beast was covered all over. The walls were of mud, and the roof of rotten smoked bamboo, from which were suspended two or three Kedgeres pots. We cut jokes upon the ludicrous figure we were conscious of making, and were comfortable enough as long as we were eating, which we did with ravenous appetites. But in a short time we began to be sufficiently wretched, worse far than the 'stout gentleman' on a rainy day—for the 'traveller's room' leaked like a sieve. There were camels, and oxen, and tattoos too, all standing and crouching to be rained upon; and one solitary cock, with his tail drawn up by the wet into a single feather; but there were not even a

couple of gabbling ducks to enliven the dreary yard. The small tents which had been sent on last night were so soaked, that if you touched the roof with the tip of your finger, it immediately attracted a stream of water which ran down your sleeves; they were perfectly pregnant with rain, and at the slightest motion given emitted a sluice. Our beds being all thoroughly soaked, though covered with oil-cloth, we were obliged to turn into the palanquins, which were, perhaps, the best of the two, as one is quite secure from rain in them."

And here we end, again warmly recommending these volumes to the public.

Pickering's Aldine Edition of the British Poets. Vol. II.

THIS handsome volume concludes the poems of Robert Burns (thus comprised in two neat and convenient tomes); and we have rarely seen a prettier book. We could have wished that some of the looser productions of the poet's fancy had been omitted, though no great friends to that sort of fastidious emendation.

Personal Memoirs; or, Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last half Century: with occasional Sketches of the Author's Life: being Fragments from the Portfolio of Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

THE very miscellaneous reminiscences of an old gentleman, who has seen much of the world as an officer of marines, a soldier-officer, a traveller, and an observer of what passed around him. It is a book to be taken up and laid down with great amusement; but as our mode of reading is more of the business order, i. e. straight forward, we shall defer our notice of the work till next week, when we shall have the pleasure of exhibiting a selection of its medley contents to our readers.

Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D. Medical Staff. 8vo. pp. 461. London, 1830. J. Murray.

THIS interesting publication has reached us too late for a detailed criticism. The author, though of the class called evangelical, describes Lord Byron as having only "a slight tincture of infidelity." His error, he contends, was levity, but no deliberate denial, or rejection, of religion; in short, "he was like all those nominal Christians who are unregenerate." He was unsettled—not happy, and wished to be convinced of the truth; but rejected the appellation of infidel, which he said was a cold and chilling word. There are some curious anecdotes in the volume.

An Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity; with Suggestions for the better Protection of the Insane. By John Conolly, M.D., Prof. of Medicine in the University of London. 8vo. pp. 495. London, 1830. J. Taylor.

A MORE interesting subject, or one less understood, could not be brought under public discussion; and we are glad to see a physician of Dr. Conolly's skill apply his talents to its elucidation. Like hydrophobia, insanity appears liable to many conflicting definitions, and to still more numerous nostrums prescribed as certain cures. Dr. Conolly has brought the strong artillery of common sense, as well as

professional knowledge, to bear upon the questions. Need we add, that his book is one of marked utility?

Parochial Law. By Alex. Dunlop, Esq., Advocate. 8vo. pp. 416. Edinburgh, 1830. Blackwood.

THE able work of an able writer on subjects of this kind. Though of little use as a book of reference on this side of the Tweed, it must possess great value in Scotland; and we could well wish to see a similar epitome in England.

The History of the Church, from the Creation of the World, &c. By the late A. S. Paterson, of Aberdeen. Revised, &c. by the Rev. J. Brewster. 2 vols. 8vo. Aberdeen, 1830. Clark and Son; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker and Co.

THE worthy author began soon enough with his history—the creation—when there was no church! Nevertheless, in the way of question and answer, this is a genuine deduction of sacred history from the Bible, and, in later times, from Calvinistic divines and authorities.

Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Characters. 3 vols. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

WE really cannot award very high praise to the present author—his pictures want force, and his characters originality; while the ground he has taken has been too thoroughly beaten, for the subject to give him any assistance in the way of novelty.

Sir Ethelbert, or the Dissolution of Monasteries; a Romance. By the Author of "Santo Sebastiano," &c. 3 vols. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

SANTO SEBASTIANO was a very popular novel of our younger days, and these volumes possess the same interest of story, kept up by undeveloped mystery; while somewhat of our modern school is visible in the exactness of historical detail, and the minute accuracy of manners and costume. Our author has thus added industry to invention, and united a due portion of research with his romance.

The Sailor Boy; or, the Admiral and his Protagonist: a Novel. By Rosalia St. Clair, Author of "Banker's Daughter of Bristol," &c. &c. 4 vols. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

A NOVEL of the old school, with as many incidents as pages; and really very amusing. We doubt not but many of our novel-loving readers will feel much interest in the pains and perils of the sailor hero.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RAINER FAMILY.

[In a recent L. G. we inserted a very characteristic epistle of the elder Rainer to a friend; and we have been so much interested by the following, from and to the same parties, as to find a place also for its appearance.]

Edinburgh, June 5th, 1830.

MY dear friend,—I received your letter at Dublin, and have seen with great pleasure that you and all your's do well, we have altered as you see our road and are gone from Dublin instead to Liverpool to Edinburgh we intent to stay a few weeks longer in England, and then we are obliged to say good by to this country for ever! to this country to which we are so much indebted and to which we have to thank all our wealth comfort and happiness in our old days! it is most painful for

us to leave this country where we have met with so great encouragements and we are proud to say a great many of truly good friends; who from Royal George through all ranks protected and advised us as we came to England ignorant of the world and the English language, but the good and hospitable people of England received us so that we never shall forget it in our life and we will feel always thankful and obliged to England and her most gentlemanly population! I hope to have the pleasure to see some of our friends in our own country, and we will with great pleasure do every thing in our power to make their stay as pleasant as possible, yet dear — if you or any of our friends shall come to our country you have not need to enquire in large Towns for us, no, you shall ask for the small Ziller Valey and for the like small Village of Fulgen and there you will find us amongst our family and relations in small houses build of wood happy and comfortable I hope !

I have no doubt but that we could life here in England by all means good and comfortable but my dear friend if I look on the other side on the water I see my old beloved father weeping for anxiousness to see us I see my dear wife her face towards the sea and I hear her calling out, felix my husband come in the arms of your wife as soon as possible you wife has no other wish in this world then to see you and to life with you ! and this is sufficient to make me sorry for every one day that I must spend abroad.

Now I beg your pardon for tresspassing so long on your time and I send, in union with my sister and brothers, our sincerely respect and good wishes to you and all yours, belief me I am your truly friend, FELIX RAINER.

Shall anything coming to you for us be so kind to send us to, Newcastle upon Tyne, in which place we will be in a fourthnight, we leave Edinburgh to morrow for Aberdeen I would feel obliged if you would write me a few lines to Newcastle, good by.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE last of these agreeable evening meetings for the season took place on Friday se'might. The subject was on the laws of the co-existing vibrations in strings and rods; being one of that series of illustrations of the philosophy of sound, contributed by Mr. Wheatstone, and delivered by Mr. Faraday. Such parts of the preceding lectures on this exceedingly interesting subject, as had reference to the vibrations of strings, either in the lowest mode as a whole, or in the higher mode when subdivided into aliquot parts by nodal points, were touched upon by Mr. Faraday, who then shewed the co-existence of these modes of vibration in the same string. The experiments were performed with rods, the different laws applicable to strings and rods being also pointed out at the same time; after which, the means of rendering visible the paths traced by strings or rods, when vibrating either in one or several modes, were stated. Dr. Young's experiments upon the reflection of light from the strings of a piano-forte, were next noticed, and then the phenomena under consideration made evident upon a much larger scale by means of Mr. Wheatstone's *kaleidophone*. This instrument consists of an elastic rod, or wire, fixed firmly in a vice at one end, and furnished with a bright metallic bead at the other; when in the light of the sun, a candle, or lamp, a spot is reflected by the bead, which, as the

rod vibrates, is extended into a closed line, depicting the orbit of the end of the wire. By drawing a violin-bow along various parts of the wire, so as to produce different sounds, or, by merely tapping the bottom of the wire, beautifully formed and regular luminous figures are seen, rendering every vibration of the rod visible. Co-existing vibrations of various kinds were here shewn.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Faraday referred to some very curious observations on the means of contriving the rectilineal motion of a body having great velocity, with that of the eye at right angles, or an inclination to it, so as to produce the appearance of a compound motion and apparent deflections of the moving body. It was stated, that hopes were entertained of making these the foundation of a method for measuring extreme velocities occurring only in short spaces, or through small arcs; but as these are at present undergoing investigation, we do not now consider it expedient to enter more at length into the theory.

It is gratifying to find that the exertions made at this Institution continue to secure their reward; and that every season adds many to the number of its friends. The managers, it appears, have announced an intention of founding a quarterly scientific journal, to be called "the Journal of the Royal Institution"—not as a matter of profit to the Institution; but whatever accrues above the expenses incurred by the managing committee to be expended on the continual improvement of the work. We trust it will succeed, and be of such a character as to invite the scientific of our own and foreign countries to support it.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. Several interesting papers were read, and some others enumerated. The President informed the meeting, that, in pursuance of an arrangement entered into between the council of the Society and the trustees of the British Museum, relative to the exchange of the Arundel MSS.; he, although not bound to do so by the noble donor of the MSS., had consulted with his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, his representative, and had received the assent of his grace to such exchange, provided the trustees of the Museum preserved the MSS. by themselves; putting certain marks upon them to shew whence they had come. The President therefore examined the books in the British Museum, a portion of which were intended to be given in exchange; but although the value of duplicates in that Institution amounted to about 10,000*l.*, still there were not in the collection more than 600*l.* or 700*l.* worth of books at all suitable to the Royal Society; thus leaving about 2,600*l.* or 2,700*l.* of a balance on the value of the MSS. yet unsatisfied by the trustees of the Museum. On this point the President last Saturday met the trustees,—and they came to a resolution of disposing of certain duplicates, and of laying out the funds accruing therefrom upon such scientific works as the council and fellows of the Royal Society should choose, from time to time. This arrangement appeared to give the meeting great satisfaction.

The following is an abstract of a paper lately read; it is entitled, "On the occurrence of Iodine and Bromine in certain mineral waters of North Britain." By Charles Daubeny, M.D. F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford.

The author lays claim to being the first who

announced to the public the existence of bromine in the mineral springs of England: a discovery similar to that which had been previously made by others in many analogous situations on the continent. His reason for offering the present communication to the Royal Society is, that he has examined on the spot a great number of mineral springs, and endeavoured to obtain, wherever it was practicable, an approximation to the proportion which iodine and bromine bear to the other ingredients. He has also aimed at forming an estimate of their comparative frequency and abundance in the several rock formations; an object of considerable interest in geology, as tending to identify the products of the ancient seas in their most minute particulars with those of the present ocean. The results of his inquiries are given in the form of a table, in which the springs, whose waters he examined, are classified according to the geological position of the strata whence they issue, and of which the several columns exhibit the total amount of their saline ingredients; the nature and proportion of each ingredient, as ascertained by former chemists, or by the author himself; and, lastly, where they contained either iodine or bromine; the ratio these substances bear to the quantities of water, and likewise to the chlorine also present in the same spring. He finds that the proportion of iodine to chlorine varies in every possible degree; and that even springs which are most strongly impregnated with common salt, are those in which he could not detect the smallest trace of iodine. The same remark, he observes, applies also to bromine; whence he considers, that although these two principles may, perhaps, never be entirely absent where the muriates occur, yet their relative distribution is exceedingly unequal. The author conceives that these analogies will tend to throw some light on the connexion between the chemical constitution of mineral waters and their medicinal qualities. Almost the only two brine springs, properly so called, which have acquired any reputation as medicinal agents, namely, that of Kreutznach in the Palatinate, and that of Ashby de la Zouch in Leicestershire, contain a much larger proportion than usual of bromine,—a substance, the poisonous quality of which was ascertained by its discoverer, Balaard. The author conceives that these two recently found principles exist in mineral waters in combination with hydrogen, forming the hydriodic and hydrobromic acids, neutralised, in all probability, by magnesia, and constituting salts, which are decomposable at a low temperature. He has no doubt that a sufficient supply of bromine might be procured from our English brine springs, should it ever happen that a demand for this new substance were to arise.

At the last sitting, on Thursday, the Society adjourned for the long vacation.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq., in the chair. Mr. E. Hawkins exhibited to the Society a gold medal found in Bedfordshire; Mr. Dawson Turner, a curious brazen enamelled dish; and Mr. Britton presented some beautiful drawings of the architectural details of the chapel of Henry V. at Westminster. The Rev. John Skinner's disquisition on the site of Camelon-dunum, and the Roman remains discovered at Cammerton, was concluded. A communication was read from John Gage, Esq., director,

* Mr. Babbage has circulated a printed answer to Dr. Rogel's explanation; in which he reiterates his charge respecting the Society's minutes.

being a short history of St. Olave's Church and ancient Hostelry at Southwark, accompanied by drawings, and an appendix containing documents, &c. confirmatory of the account.

The meetings of the Society were then adjourned to the 18th of November.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday the anniversary meeting of this Institution took place; Sir Gore Ouseley in the chair. Colonel Broughton read a statement of the Society's affairs during the past year. In noticing the present volume of the Society's *Transactions*, particular allusion was made to the article and plates descriptive of the Arabic globe in the Society's museum. This globe was given to Sir John Malcolm by the religious chief of the Bohras, a sect found in great numbers in the Rajpoot states; they are said to be the descendants of the followers of the *Sheikh ul Tubal*, or old man of the mountains, renowned for his exploits during the period of the Crusades. The auditors' report exhibited a balance in favour of the Society to the extent of £24. Sir Alexander Johnston addressed the meeting in the name of the committee of correspondence, and detailed its operations for the past year: from his address we gathered, that the committee had directed its attention to a comparison of the languages or dialects spoken throughout Polynesia; and in this branch of its labours acknowledged the valuable assistance and co-operation of Baron William Humboldt and Sir C. Colville. Another point was the subject of the early communications, commercial and warlike, which had subsisted between Europe and Asia. Thirdly, the committee had turned its attention to the history of the institution of property in law and slaves, and of marriage among all the various classes of inhabitants throughout the whole extent of India. Lastly, the history of the various settlements of foreign nations in India, the circumstances under which they took place, and their effect upon the original inhabitants of the country, was spoken of: on this point Mr. Baber, Mr. Milman, Lord Prudhoe, Colonel Briggs, and several other individuals distinguished for their learning and talents, were mentioned as coadjutors.

The various reports were received with much satisfaction; and the usual ballot for officers having taken place, the meeting separated.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

Anniversary meeting: Earl Amherst in the chair. The right honourable chairman of the committee read a report for the past year. It alluded, in general terms, to the flourishing state of the Institution, and noticed his Majesty's donation of fifty guineas for two royal medals. The absence of Colonel FitzClarence was much regretted by the committee; but it afforded an opportunity of descanting on his arduous exertions in the cause of oriental literature during his sojourn at Rome, with a freedom of eulogy which his presence would necessarily have limited. The treasures of the Vatican library had been thrown open to the committee by the liberality of his Holiness the Pope, the services of the eminent scholar Signor Mai had been promised, and a branch committee formed at Rome. The report expatiated on the advantages likely to arise from this accession to the committee's strength; and mentioned that the prospectus would be translated and published in Italy. The establishment of the Oriental Institute at St. Petersburg, and of the Branch Oriental Translation Committee at Calcutta, were next adverted to; after which,

the report detailed the works printed during the past year, and those which were in course of preparation; and then named the gentlemen who had been selected as deserving of the rewards of the committee; viz. for the royal medals, Professor Lee and J. F. Davis, Esq.; the Institution medal, Major Price; and for the pecuniary rewards, Messrs. Fraser, Neumann, and Bellour. The report concluded with a list of new subscriptions, received since the last anniversary, amongst which were those of his Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, the grand Dukes of Tuscany and Hesse Darmstadt, &c. &c. From the auditors' report, it appeared that there was a balance in hand of £1,400. The various reports were ordered to be printed, and the rewards handed to the successful candidates whose names we have mentioned, or to their proxies, with suitable remarks. Amongst the distinguished individuals present were the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Selby, Count de Lasticie, Vice-President of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and several others.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Seventh and concluding Notice.]

ANTIQUES ACADEMY.

THE miscellaneous character of the contents of this apartment might, if it were well lighted, give it a greater interest than any other portion of the Academy. In its present sombre state, however, it can be considered little better than a lumber-room, into which things of all shapes and descriptions are thrown, and huddled together;—a perfect chaos of pictorial materials. Of these materials, the prints, drawings, and miniatures, are, generally speaking, the most important; and we shall select a few of those, and of the other items, which come within the range of vision, and which deserve remark.

No. 449. *His Grace the Duke of Newcastle*, painted by Sir T. Lawrence; No. 450, *John Soane, Esq.*, painted by Sir T. Lawrence. C. Turner, A.E.—Engraved in mezzotinto, and in a style which for clearness and brilliancy cannot be surpassed.

No. 983. *Portrait of the late Archbishop of York*, from a Picture by Hopper. J. Heath, A.E.—On looking at this admirable line engraving we were forcibly reminded of "auld lang syne," when, in the illustration of such works as *Bell's Poets*, and the *Novelist's Magazine*, Mr. Heath's graver was distinguished above that of any of his contemporaries; and we rejoiced to see that, after the lapse of so many years, his powers were in no whit abated.

No. 984. *His Grace the Duke of Wellington on horseback*, engraved from the original Picture painted by Sir T. Lawrence. W. Bromley, A.E.—This is a masterpiece of the British school of engraving. As far as the situation in which it is placed will allow us to examine its texture, Mr. Bromley seems to have most happily introduced all the tasteful variety of execution requisite to express the several materials of which the picture is composed.

No. 457. *Portrait of a Gentleman on the summit of Mont Blanc*, on the 25th of July, 1827, at two p.m. W. S. Hastings.—A whimsical description. Probably the picture was not painted on the spot: yet it conveys an idea very like truth.

No. 459. *Enamel Portrait of a Lady*, painted from the original Picture by Sir T. Lawrence. W. Essex; No. 460. *Enamel Portrait of Master Bumby, Page of Honour to her late Ma-*

tesy Queen Charlotte. W. Grimaldi; No. 461. *Enamel Portrait of the Son of the Hon. George Agar Ellis*, painted from the original Picture by Sir T. Lawrence. W. Essex.—Three skillfully executed enamels.

No. 463. *Portrait, in enamel, of Captain Sir William Hoste, R.N., Bart., K.C.B.* H. Bone, R.A.—A characteristic and spirited performance; and, we regret to say, the only one by this able artist.

No. 464. *Disegnatrice*. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—We always anticipate that we shall find something on this spot to be charmed with from the hand of this tasteful artist; and we have never yet been disappointed. The fair designer (are not all ladies fair designers?) is elegantly disposed;—we use the word in its ordinary, as well as in its technical sense;—for what can shew a more elegant disposition than the practice of any branch of the fine arts? To the female character it adds a peculiar grace; for it is the occupation of domestic retirement: it is unaccompanied by any of those personal and public displays which too frequently give to other accomplishments a vain and meretricious air. Mr. Chalon has two other fascinating examples of the powers of his pencil in No. 462. *Portrait of a Lady*; and No. 476. *Portraits of the Countess of Jersey and the Lady Adela Corisanda Villiers*.

No. 475. *Paris; Review of the British Army marching past the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, led by the Duke of Wellington*. G. Jones, R.A.—We regard this diminutive sketch as a promise, which we trust Mr. Jones will not break. It would be very gratifying to see a picture of the termination of the arduous and glorious struggle from the hand of this able artist.

No. 477. *The Colosseum, and part of the Campagna of Rome, from a Sketch made on the spot*. W. Westall, R.A.—Very poetically treated; and the Byronic figure introduced in the foreground is in strict accordance with that feeling.

No. 491. *A Spanish Señorita, with her Nurse of the Asturias, walking in the Prado of Madrid*. D. Wilkie, R.A.—This slight sketch is fuller of meaning than many a more laboured production. *Patrician haughtiness and plebeian humility were never more amusingly depicted*.

No. 488. *The Sketch from Nature*. J. Wood.—Why is this gay, spirited, and highly finished drawing called merely a sketch?

No. 553. *Design*. S. W. Arnald.—The subject is from the *Revelations*.—“War in heaven.” Groups of figures are complicated in every possible way, calculated to shew the anatomical knowledge of the artist.

No. 572. *View of the Eddystone Lighthouse, from a Sketch made on the spot*. H. Parke.—A very clever drawing; exhibiting one of the triumphs of art over difficulties apparently insurmountable.

No. 578. *Graystock Castle, Cumberland, a seat of the Hon. Henry Howard, M.P.* T. C. Hofland. This view evidently possesses every desirable quality in landscape composition; but the skill of the artist is rendered entirely unavailable by the situation in which the picture is placed.

No. 594. *Mount Etna, seen from the road near Syracuse*. H. Parke.—A scene of solitary grandeur; and, as a drawing, executed with a skill that shews great practice.

No. 513. *Portrait of Miss L. E. Landon*. D. M'Clise.—Merely as a work of art, this drawing would do great credit to the artist; but it is much more: it is a faithful resemblance of one whose genius, whether displayed

in the descriptive, the imaginative, or the philosophical, has held captive the attention, and elicited the admiration, of all who are capable of feeling the beauties of fine poetical composition.

No. 498. *Portrait of a Lady*; No. 502. *Portrait of a Gentleman*. Miss Daniell.—These, and other slight but tasteful performances by the same lady, are examples of that rare knowledge, the knowledge of whom and where to leave off.

Among the remaining prominent portraits in water-colours are *H. R. H. Princess Sophie*, *Mrs. S. C. Hall*, and *T. Campbell, Esq.*, D. M'Clise; *Miss Grim*, T. Heaphy; and *Lieutenant Richardson of the Bombay Marine*, W. Derby. The last is a highly finished performance.

There are in this room several very clever portraits in oil. We especially remarked *The Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane*, *Mrs. W. Carpenter*; *Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A.*, J. Green; *Lieutenant-Col. D'Aguilar*, R. Rothwell; *A Family Group*, J. G. Middleton; *Miss Phillips, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane*, Miss E. Drummond; *The Rev. J. Brooke*, J. Lonsdale; *The Rev. S. Creyke*, T. Ellerby, &c.

The miniatures are as numerous as usual; and many of them exhibit great talent. Among the most striking are those from the pencils of Mrs. J. Robertson, A. E. Chalon, R.A., A. Robertson, W. J. Newton, F. T. Rochard, W. C. Ross, C. R. Bone, W. Bone, M. Haughton, Miss M. Ross, Miss Heaphy, J. Burgess, C. Winser, and last, and least, as we imagined, *The Rev. Henry North*, E. Robertson; but on looking further we found *Mrs. Russell*, J. Stewart, still more surprisingly small. Both these Lilliputian works of art are in the best style of execution, and furnish true examples of the *moltum in parvo*.

Of flowers and fruit there is also a gay show. In *The Gardener's Shed*, V. Bartholomew, we recognise the same lightness of execution, and clearness and brilliance of colouring which distinguished the splendid cluster of *Hollyhocks* exhibited by the same artist last year. The jocund appears in the group, with a degree of unusual brightness, owing, we suspect, to a colour recently discovered by the ingenious and indefatigable Mr. George Field. *The Crinum Augustinum, from the East Indies*, Mrs. Denis Dighton; *Fruit*, E. Smith; *Composition of Flowers*, J. Holland; *Dahlias*, George the Fourth, and other Varieties, Mrs. Pope; *Roses*, and *Studies of Black and White Grapes*, Madame Comolera—are all executed with great skill. We are likewise much pleased with a small drawing, *Flowers and Fruit*, G. Sintzenich. It is hung in a disadvantageous situation; but evinces a fidelity of imitation, a taste in composition, and a tenderness and delicacy of finish, which are rarely united.

In thus closing our account of the Exhibition of the present year, we beg to observe, that we are quite sensible it contains many able works which our limits have not permitted us to notice.

Prints from Lawrence.

MESSRS. COLNAGHI and Son have just enriched our portfolio with a set of engravings which possess a peculiar interest at this moment, from being from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and several of them from pictures now attracting so much of public attention at the British Gallery in Pall Mall. They are as follow :

Whole-length of Charles X., King of France, in mezzotinto, by Charles Turner, a fine fac-

simile of the original; and, as in other cases, where the costume of the parties forces the painter to employ masses of colour more of necessity than of taste, we must say that we are inclined to prefer the print to the painting.

Cardinal Gonsalvi, F. C. Lewis, slightly tinged with colour, and with all the appearance of an exquisite chalk drawing. The vivid eyes of the acute Italian retain all their extraordinary expression.

Sir Astley Cooper, in mezzotinto, by S. Cousins; and as fine a specimen of the art as could be scraped. As in the portrait of the President himself, there is a considerable resemblance in this to Mr. Cauning: no one who puts the least faith in physiognomy, but must grant that the possessor of such a head and countenance could be no ordinary person. Intellect is stamped upon them.

Dr. Thomas Young, by C. Turner, is another beautiful example of mezzotinto: it is, farther, a very faithful representation of that highly distinguished scholar.

Miss Susan Bloxam, by F. C. Lewis, a niece of the President's, and in the same style as Gonsalvi; a style admirably adapted to the portraiture of young and feminine grace and loveliness. It is one of Lawrence's sweetest compositions.

Italian Girls (by the same publishers) is from a painting by P. Williams, and engraved by D. Lucas. It is also a naive and delightful composition, such as one of our best Annuals might have prized. The costume and character are both charming.

Portrait of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Painted by himself, and engraved by E. Cousins. Tiffin.

The publication of this fine print is also very opportune. It is an admirable resemblance; and is not rendered less interesting by the pensive expression which overspreads the features, and which marks the man of amiable feelings and strong sensibilities, on whom long and intimate acquaintance with the world has produced its too usual effects on such a character. The merits of Mr. Cousins as a mezzotinto engraver are well known; and he has evidently exerted himself on this occasion.

MR. THOM'S STATUES.

MR. THOM's exhibition re-opened to the public yesterday, with two new statues, or rather with four new statues; for, although the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny are nearly the same as those by which the town was so delighted last year, yet they are absolutely new. The great interest of the exhibition, however, consists in the addition of the statues of the landlord and landlady; which, especially the latter, are quite worthy of their jolly companions. The four figures are arranged in a line; the landlord being in conversation with the souter, and the landlady with Tam:—the landlord throwing himself back in his chair in a convulsion of laughter at one of the souter's "queerest stories;" the landlady leaning earnestly forwards towards Tam, with whom she is evidently "growing" very "gracious."—A great musical amateur, when any piece of music, which he had not heard, was praised in his presence, used to ask "whether it would grind?" Mr. Thom's two former figures have received a similar testimony to their excellence, as may be seen on the board of every Italian boy who wanders the streets, offering his "images" for sale; and we have no doubt that the novelties will speedily have the same compliment paid to

them, and will become equally popular. In the meanwhile, every body who has any feeling for humour, or any love of native talent, must visit the admirable originals.

PUBLIC CEMETERY.

WHAT we observed, on the public meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday 9th, relating to Mr. Carden's plan, referred to the *general principle*—viz. the necessity of doing away with the continuance of burying the dead within the metropolis; and, consequently, we gave our entire approval of that gentleman's plan for a general cemetery. But our support of Mr. Goodwin's design, which is of a higher character, arises from a desire to see such a project carried into effect, as it will not only take its share in removing the nuisance so generally and so loudly complained of, but at the same time afford the architects and sculptors of the British school that opportunity of exhibiting their talents, which becomes the present enlightened epoch, and is worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. Indeed, Paris having four public cemeteries; surely London, with its vast superiority of population, may well support two, or indeed four; namely, one east, west, north, and south. This of Mr. Goodwin's, if properly supported, would take the lead—the site proposed being one of the finest for such a purpose, perhaps, to be found near any city in the world.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.
I KNOW thee not, high Spirit! but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hour of dreams thy living presence brought;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.
For I know thy spirit hath been poured full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong—
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre,
In the nature of thy worshipping, a ministry of fire
Young priests at a holy shrine, I scarce can deem that years [tears]
So few and beautiful as thine are registered in That the gift of thy affections hath gone abroad in vain—
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind—a foam-wreath on the main!
Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays, [evil days;
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and Of the weariness existence feels when its sun-light has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of Hope are strown;
Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass [the grass—
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flat-terer's fatal art—
Flowers madly to the bosom clasped, with ser-pents at their heart!
And oh! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears!
How have thy girlhood visions—the warm, wild thought of youth, [truth!
Folded their sunny pinions, and darkened into

O weary, most weary, unto the child of song, [along—
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave, When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,

And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon!

God help thee in thy weary way! and if the silver tone [thine own,

Of Fame hath music for an ear so chastened as Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,

And where the brave and beautiful have bowed themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the North,

Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams come forth—

Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the cold blue sky,

And to the many-voiced storm the eagle makes reply!

A worshipper before the shrine at which thy spirit bentheth,

While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,

Hath poured his tribute on thine ear, as he would praise a star

Whose beams had wandered down to him from their blue home and far.

Lady! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,

It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim

A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine [mine.

To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as But onward in thy skyward path—a thousand eyes shall turn

To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn—

A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,

And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentlest tone.

Farewell!—the hand that traces this may perish ere life's noon, [got as soon—

And the spirit that hath guided it may be for-
Forgotten with its lofty hopes—the fevered dreams of mind—

Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters of flame, [thy name;

And on the heaven of intellect, hast registered The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship at thy shrine,

And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship with thine.

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Haverhill, Massachusetts,
8th of 1st Month, 1830.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

LAST Tuesday a rather curious scene occurred at the Opera. *Malibran* was taken suddenly so ill as to be unable to go upon the stage in the second act of *Cenerentola*; and an apology was

* We do not often admit personal tributes into our columns; but the poetical beauties of this composition, and its gratifying character, as confirming, from another hemisphere, the fame attached to the writings of L. E. L., our long-valued and especial favourite in this country, have induced us to give it insertion. The author is described to us in a letter from Philadelphia, to be a "young American poet-editor of great promise" in the U. S.; and these lines afford high proofs of talent.—Ed. L. G.

made for her. The manager was in a terrible puzzle what to substitute to fill up the evening's entertainments; when Blasie was luckily seen in a box, and begged to undertake the part so unexpectedly vacated. She accordingly dressed for it, and was just about to proceed, when it was found that the indisposed prima donna had recovered as rapidly as she fell sick, and was quite ready to finish the part herself. So much for the medical skill of Dr. Blasie!

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

THE period has again arrived for us to record the closing of the two great theatres, and to review the winter campaign. That its issue has been widely different from that calculated upon at the commencement of the season, even by the most "knowing ones," we believe they will admit; and the argument to be drawn from it, is, in our opinion, all in favour of theatrical property. It proves that there is always vitality in a theatre; and that, provided a manager knows how to play a bad hand, the chances themselves are strongly in favour of the table. In September, 1829, the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre would have been but too happy if any one would have insured them against the loss of nearly as many thousands as they now stand the gainers of. Mr. Price, the then lessee of Drury, on the contrary confided too much in the chances he thought he perceived against his rivals, and suffered himself to be out-generalled by them in more than one important instance. But even this mistake, and the extraordinary lethargy which, during the commencement of the season, overhung that establishment, did not prevent it eventually from making strong head against the current which had set in for its neighbour, and fully sharing in the Pantomime stream. For, be it understood, as in justice to Drury Lane Theatre it should be, that the embarrassments of Mr. Price have arisen out of circumstances unconnected with theatricals, the receipts of the theatre having averaged \$3,000. per season during his lesseeship: so that granting the expenses to be 250/- per night for the 200 nights, which they could scarcely exceed, it would leave a profit of \$3,000. on each season—not a sufficient recompense, perhaps, for the toil and anxiety attending theatrical management, but still any thing but a losing game. But to proceed to our review. Drury Lane opened on the first of October; and most injudiciously the lessee reduced the price to the boxes, instead of providing entertainments which should have rendered the admission money a matter of indifference. At Christmas the old prices were resumed; and the triumph of the pantomime over that of Covent Garden, the success of the *Brigand*, and the accession of Kean and Madame Vestris, gave a prosperous turn to the affairs, which was furthered by the production of the *National Guard*, *Perfection*, *Popping the Question*, the Easter piece, and the opera of *Hofer*; the latter particularly, if produced earlier in the season, might alone have redeemed the fortunes of the lessee. On looking at the course of Covent Garden, we are dazzled at the outset by the brilliant career of Miss Kemble. Her nights, it is reported, have averaged 3000. The off-nights, as they are technically termed, were, however, deplorable, till *Black-eyed Susan* came on board, "and brought them up with a wet sail" to Christmas. The comparative failure of the pantomime was a sad drawback; and Miss Paton in *Ninetta* only added to the expenses of the establishment. At this critical moment, *Teddy the Tiler* came *Put*, and with more than forty-horse *Power* pulling after it,

A very bad melodrama, with a very good name, bettered the business till Easter. On Easter Tuesday the opera of *Cinderella* was produced; and originally from its intrinsic merits, and latterly through the equivocal interest thrown around its heroine, (*O tempora! O mores!*) has formed a triumphant close to the season. The following are the lists of the pieces produced at each theatre; which, curiously enough, exactly correspond in number, (15), counting *Black-eyed Susan*, as its success entitles us to do, amongst the productions at Covent Garden.

Drury Lane.

Oct. 14.	Epicharis, a Tragedy, 5 acts: Lister	Nights.
22.	Greek Family, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Barrymore and Raymond	5.
Nov. 3.	Snakes in the Grass, a Farce, 2 acts: Buxton	Withdrawn.
18.	Brigand, a Drama, 2 acts: Planché	9.
28.	Follies of Fashion, a Comedy, 5 acts: Lord Glengall	47.
Dec. 19.	Witch-Finder, a Drama, 2 acts: Jerrold	11.
26.	Jack in the Box, Christmas Pantomime: Barrymore	Withdrawn.
Feb. 4.	National Guard, an Opera, 2 acts: Planché	50.
23.	Past and Present, a Drama, 3 acts: Poole	14.
Mar. 23.	Popping the Question, an Interlude: Buxton	10.
25.	Perfection, a Farce, 2 acts: Bayly	19.
Apr. 12.	Dragon's Gift, Easter piece: Planché	17.
May 1.	Hofer, an Opera, 3 acts: Planché	20.
4.	A Joke's a Joke, a Farce, 2 acts: T. Hook	12.
25.	Spanish Husband, a Drama, 3 acts: H. Payne	Withdrawn.

Covent Garden.

Oct. 10.	First of May, a Drama, 2 acts: Miss Hill	Nights.
22.	Robber's Wife, do. do. do. Pocock	11.
29.	Shakespeare's Early Days, ib. Somerset	15.
Nov. 7.	Night before the Wedding, &c. an Opera, 2 acts: Ball	11.
26.	Royal Fugitive, a Drama, 3 acts: C. Kemble	4.
30.	Black-eyed Susan, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Jerrold	18.
Dec. 26.	Harlequin and Cock Robin, Christmas Pantomime: Farley	34.
Jan. 5.	Husband's Mistake, a Comedy, 2 acts: Pocock	16.
12.	Phrenologists, a Farce, 2 acts: Wade	Withdrawn.
Feb. 2.	Robert the Devil, a Melodrama, 2 acts: Raymond	34.
4.	Ninetta, an Opera, 3 acts: Ball	12.
8.	Teddy the Tiler, an Interlude: Rodwell	45.
Apr. 12.	The Wigwam, Easter piece: Peake	21.
13.	Cinderella, an Opera, 3 acts: Lacy	20.
May 4.	The Colonel, a Farce, 2 acts: Lacy	Withdrawn.

Here break we off. Encouraged by their success, the managers of Covent Garden are making strong preparations for next season, the last under the existing and long-disputed lease. Drury Lane has already passed into fresh hands—untried ones, certainly; but for that very reason not to be prejudged. Let Mr. Lee be sure that honourable and liberal behaviour will not only "deserve success," but "command it;" and that the Scylla of what has been hitherto called economy, is as fatal as the Charybdis of extravagance.

HAYMARKET.

THIS theatre opened on Tuesday. A new farce by Poole, from the French, was produced, and proved an amusing little piece. Kean has appeared in *Richard III.*, with less of demand upon his physical powers than at the large theatres.

VARIETIES.

Algerine Journal.—Among the advertisements in the French papers is one announcing the intention of establishing a journal, either on board a vessel belonging to the French fleet

before Algiers, or on shore in the event of a successful landing; to contain copious details of all the warlike proceedings, and literary and scientific information.

Literary Fund.—The Greenwich anniversary of this admirable charity promises to be more than usually well attended. It is understood that Mr. Cam Hobhouse, a V.P., will take the chair, and the friends of the Institution will rally round him on the occasion. For gastronomy, the white bait (upon which an essay is recommended, not to ascertain whether it is fish or fry, but how it tastes,) is ordered to allow itself to be caught. Broadhurst has promised the charm of song; and many other *agrémens* are in requisition.

Mr. Price, the celebrated oriental scholar, died suddenly at his residence, near Worcester, on Thursday morning.

Bourrienne's Memoirs.—In Bourrienne's Memoirs it is stated, that a M. de Sals had communicated to M. de Metternich at Vienna, that, in the year 1815, he had been engaged by M. de Stein, formerly a Prussian minister, to poison M. de Mongelas, the Bavarian minister. M. de Stein has published a lithographic *brochure*, in which he indignantly repels this charge, and, among other proofs of his innocence, adduces a letter from M. de Metternich, declaring that no such communication had ever been made to him. This correspondence affords, however, the strongest evidence we have yet seen of the authenticity of Bourrienne's work in other respects; and when we find such persons as Prince Metternich and the Prussian ex-minister bearing witness to its superior and accurate information, we advert with pleasure to the same opinion expressed in the *Literary Gazette*, upon the authority of an English minister, cognisant of many of the affairs related by De Bourrienne.

Science.—The Emperor of Russia assigned 10,000 rubles per annum for the continuation of the researches necessary to ascertain the exact measure of the degree. M. Struve, the eminent astronomer of Dorpat, is charged with the direction of this labour, which will last for ten years. Two officers have been sent to Finland to make observations; and M. Struve is also to undertake a journey on this subject.

Anatomical Model.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, on the 8th inst., M. Auzou, a physician, exhibited an anatomical model, intended to assist the young student in surgery, which excited great admiration. It is five feet seven inches in height, and is manufactured from *papier mâché*. Every part takes to pieces. The muscles can be removed, layer by layer, until the skeleton appears. The brain is divided into slices, exhibiting all the nerves and other ramifications. The lungs, diaphragm, heart, intestines, &c. are removable. In the heart, which is filled with black and red blood, all the minuteness of the organisation is shewn; and the whole is so contrived as to be a perfect study in the absence of the real subject. M. Auzou was twelve years engaged in the manufacture of this model; but having succeeded, he is now able to make perfect copies at 3000 francs each. He has also a model for the study of the accoucheur. This is an admirable contrivance. By means of caoutchouc and confined air, he is able to shew the expansions and contractions in labour, so as to enable the student to proceed in his practice with confidence and safety.

Cataract.—A French paper contains an account of a cure for cataract, by continued friction for several hours during the day, for a period of three months, over the eye. Similar

instances of cure have been related in this country.

Winter Gardens in Prussia.—There are at Berlin four large gardens, in which is kept up the appearance of perpetual summer. They are filled with orange-trees and exotics of different kinds, and being covered over and having good stove fires, the temperature is always that of July and August. They contain reading and refreshment rooms, and also small theatres. At night they are illuminated, and have a beautiful effect.—*Paris Paper.* Napoleon had a plan of this kind in contemplation for the Tuilleries. It was his intention to roof them in, (which would have been an extraordinary undertaking), and at night to light them with a sort of artificial sun, like the new lamp at the French Opera. His reverses in the field of course prevented his carrying this seeming visionary plan into effect. It would be well if the proprietors of Vauxhall could do something in the same way, especially as our "summer has set in" (according to the excellent *mot de Lord Dudley*) with its usual severity"!

Canadian Giant.—The greatest man now in London is unquestionably Monsieur Modeste Mailhoit, to whom we paid our respects, up stairs, after visiting Mr. Thom's Scottish statues. He received us with gravity, but seems altogether a pleasant fellow of his inches, which are considerable, viz. 6 feet 4½ inches in height (5 inches taller than Daniel Lambert), 7 feet round the body, 3 feet 10 inches round the thigh, and 3 feet 4½ inches round the calf of the leg. His weight is 619 pounds, i. e. less than Lambert's. M. Mailhoit has passed, with all his fat, through his grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age. He was originally a mill-wright at Quebec, and began to take on at the age of thirty. His countenance is not remarkable. He eats well, and a little more than an ordinary person; sleeps regularly about ten hours, and enjoys good health. His only language is French, and he converses in an agreeable tone, apparently quite alive to all that is going on about him. Reading and draughts are his chief relaxations, and he walks without any painful effort.

Chin-Chopping.—It appears that the musical chin is not entirely without an example; since in the 253d No. of the *Spectator*, published in 1712, Budgell writes thus:—"Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the grenadiers' march on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours." What would this ingenious writer say, could he hear the performance of Michael Boai, who seems to have acquired such a mastery over this organ, if it may be so called, that he can execute chromatic passages, however difficult, with all the taste, rapidity, and precision of the violin and piano-forte—modulating his sounds to the subject, and varying his keys in a manner so surprising, as to prove that he is a musician in the fullest acceptation of the term.

Facetie.—An Irish servant lad, going along the passage, and singing rather inharmoniously, was asked by his master what horrid noise he was making? "I have not made any noise, sir!" he replied. "Why! you were singing, and a confounded noise it was." "Oh! perhaps it was the singing in my ears your honour heard!" This reminds us of the dialogue between two

meenesters of the gude kirk of Scotland. One complained that he had got a *ringing* in his head! "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy crony. "Na!" "I'll tell ye: it's because it's empty!" "And have ye never a *ringing* in your head?" quoth the other. "Na; never." "And do ye ken the reason? It's because it's cracked!" was the retort; and the truth was not very far off.

A revered and faithful old Gloucestershire servant was feeding her mistress' lap-dog with a plate of broken fish from the table; but she refused him the carcass of a chicken, alleging her reason, "that the *rib-bones* would be sure to *choak* him!!!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisements, No. XXV.* June 19.]

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829, by J. E. Alexander, 16th Lancashire.—An octavo edition of Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D.—*The Turf*, a Novel; and *Southernman*, a Novel by Galt.—*De L'Orme*, a Novel, by the Author of "Richelieu" and "Darnley."—*The Separation*, a Novel, by the Author of "Flirtation."—*Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks*, a Novel.—*Clarence*, a Tale of our Own Times.—We understand that Dr. Nares' laborious undertaking, a Life of Lord Burghley, the first volume of which was published in 1820, is now completed.—The Author of *Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives*, has in the press a poem entitled *Visions of Solitude*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Morton's Travels in Russia, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Philip on Acute and Chronic Diseases, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Pickering's Encyclopædia, No. Emigration, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Aubrey's *Humour*. Attention on Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. 16. 1s. royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Tanner's Captivity among the Indians, 8vo. 17s. bds.—The Denounced, by the Authors of "Tales by the O'Han Family," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Dolby's Cook's Dictionary, post 8vo. 11. 16s. 6d. bds.—Oxford English Prize Essays, 4 vols. post 8vo. 11. 16s. bds.—Bishop Heber's Life, 2 vols. 10. 13s. 6d. bds.—The Sacred Harp, 32mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Peacock's Algebra, 8vo. 11. 4s. bds.—Brief Compendium of the History of England, 32mo. 1s. sewed.—Arnold's Thucydides, Vol. I. 8vo. 11s. bds.—Suranne's Dictionary, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Edwards' Philocetes of Sophocles, with English Translation, 8vo. 8s. sewed.—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, 18mo. 3s. sheep.—Bell's Universal Mechanism, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Edwards' *Acæcum*, with English Translation, 18mo. 6s. bds.—Moncrieff's March of Intellect, with Cruikshank's Designs, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Ventoulac's Classics, 12 vols. 18mo. 3s. 12s. cloth.—British Naturalist, Vol. II. 18mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Green's Varieties of the Arterial System, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Madame du Barry's Memoirs, Vol. II. 18mo. 3s. 6d. royal 18mo. 6s. bds.—Greenwood's Scripture Sketches, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Wolfe's English Prisoner in France, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Short Memoirs of the Lord's Goodness, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	From 46. to 56.	29.95 Stationary
Friday	45. — 65.	29.93 to 29.90
Saturday	44. — 65.	29.73 Stationary
Sunday	40. — 66.	29.76 to 29.72
Monday	40. — 60.	29.65 to 29.56
Tuesday	43. — 57.	29.56 to 29.69
Wednesday	45. —	29.56 to 29.79

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Except the 10th, generally raining; thunder and lightning about noon on the 13th, and on the evening of the 14th. Since the 29th of May, we have had four days only free from rain, viz. the 28th ult., and the 2d, 5th, and 6th instant: much clover, which had been previously cut down, is entirely spoilt; but the more distressing scene is, to see so many poor individuals, who have come from distant parts of the country to mow, necessarily out of employ, and obliged to beg.—Rain fallen, 1 inch, and 325 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude..... 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. A. will find a packet at our Office. In our next we shall be inserting, entire, a very curious and interesting paper on hydrocephalus, read at the last meeting of the College of Physicians.

Errata.—In our Review of the volume on Anglo-Gallic Coins, last week, we stated the number of portraits of coins at ninety-eight; but on looking more carefully, we observe the important fact, that no fewer than twenty-one of gold ought to have been added to that number, making the whole 119. The words "still remaining," after the word "those," page 384, column 1, line 34, of the same Review, are wanted to complete the sense of the passage.

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